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Marcus Adams

Two Kilted Princesses

Here is a new photograph of Princess Margaret Rose and her sister Princess Elizabeth, who celebrated her fifteenth birthday on Monday, April 21, very neat and attractive in their kilts and jerseys and tweed jackets. Though living quietly in the country doing lessons, the Princesses help with the war effort by growing vegetables in their gardens. They have also given five dolls which will tour the United States to raise money for the British War Relief Society. One doll wears a replica of a crinoline evening dress worn by the Queen during her visit to Canada and America in 1939. Princess Elizabeth is an accomplished swimmer. She learned to swim at the Bath Club, which was completely destroyed by fire early this month. She is the first junior candidate to win an award for artificial respiration given by the Royal Life Saving Society



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Bringing Home the Bacon

RATHER more than a month after his departure from Tokyo on a high-hopes tour of Europe, Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister, has returned to his capital amid the acclamations of his bellicose admirers. When he left in mid-March the Japanese Press, apprehensive lest in the heady atmosphere of foreign hospitality he might undertake engagements which the country could not perform, were warning him to be "prudent and respect the Imperial wishes." Since then Mr. Matsuoka has fished in many waters. Outward bound he found Moscow courteous but restrained. But Berlin and Rome had prepared welcomes of some importance. Indeed, there had been an impression that Germany had rushed through the terms of Yugoslav submission with Prince Paul's Government so that this new Axis triumph could be flourished before the latest recruit on his arrival in Berlin absolutely hot off the ice.

Alas, Berlin in its anxiety not to be late, was too quick off the mark and Mr. Matsuoka must surely have learned from the Mikado's Ambassador, if from no other source, that his arrival in Berlin was signalled by the first major diplomatic reverse so far suffered by the Axis. Hurrying on to Rome, where the streets had been draped with appropriate flags under the careful direction of the Goebbels Propaganda Ministry, he can hardly have failed to learn that one Cunningham was mopping up the remains of Italy in East Africa while the other had left shattered units of the Italian Fleet sinking one another off Cape Matapan.

In Berlin once again Tokyo's wandering boy was treated to an intensive dose of Nazi tonic, responded with suitable expressions of hope and unshaken confidence in a total Axis victory, then hastened back to Moscow buoyed up with the hope that he might there be able to buy that jolly little present from Europe for which Japan was anxiously waiting. Stalin, adroit diplomatist, was now ready to oblige—on his own terms. Why not? Russia had something to gain and nothing to lose in concluding a pact of neutrality.

Relief in Tokyo

TOKYO has cause to rejoice because Japan is no longer obliged to come to the aid of Germany if the latter becomes involved in war with Russia. Furthermore Japan, weakened by her long struggle with China, can now feel less anxiety for the ultimate security of her captures in Korea and Manchukuo; she can concentrate her attention on the south-west. But the bacon brought home by Mr. Matsuoka was streaky. He failed, for example, to satisfy the urgent desire of the Japanese Army that the new pact should be guaranteed by Germany and provide for reduction of the Soviet Far Eastern Forces. He failed to obtain any undertaking from Moscow that a halt would be called to Russian aid for China.

Russia, on the other hand, has secured the virtual abrogation of those portions of the Axis Triple Pact which were directly aimed against her. While Japan may feel encouraged to

weaken herself still further by embarking on new adventures in the south and west—a development which suits all Russian national and communist interests—Moscow can concentrate attention on the growing German menace to her European territories and vital interests. Observe that this is a pact of neutrality, not of friendship, such as Russia lately concluded with Yugoslavia. Thus Russian hands are freed for action or power-politics in Europe. Japanese hands are freed only for fresh and more dangerous adventures. Will Tokyo consider this achievement sufficient justification for retaining the services of Mr. Matsuoka?

Called to Berlin

BERLIN'S reaction to these interesting events in Moscow was to summon to immediate conference the German Ambassador, Count von Schulenberg, and also Father Tiso, the Slovak puppet minister from Germany's mid-European Protectorate. Hitler wanted the latest information on the workings of Stalin's mind.

The call to Tiso suggests that he was conscious of the possibility that Russia might be preparing to snatch back from Hungary the Ukrainian territory of Ruthenia which he arbitrarily handed over to Hungary when he completed the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia last year. He might equally be developing the plans which he is said to have

outlined to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia for an early attack on the Ukraine, using the Ukrainian province of Hungary, now under full German control, as one of several departure points. Ruthenia was for years used by Germany as the breeding ground for Ukrainian separatism from the Soviet Union.

King Peter and Prince Paul

MANY hard things have been said about Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. When the full story comes to be told it may well emerge that the Prince Regent's record as principal trustee for young King Peter, if not characterised by outstanding strength, was conducted in the same spirit as now is exemplified by a people determined to resist German and Italian domination alike. If, as seems possible, Prince Paul is to enjoy British hospitality in these islands for a time, that story will undoubtedly be told. Meantime it may suffice to say that King Peter is deeply devoted to his uncle and would in no circumstances have assumed the throne at this time except with the full approval of the Regency Council—a fact which he stated clearly in his first proclamation.

English friends who have had exceptional opportunities for studying King Peter over prolonged periods during the past few years, of talking with him and seen the workings of his mind, assure me that he is far from immature in affairs of state. They speak of him with warm admiration as a sturdy-minded young man, with a profound determination to carry on the work of his father, King Alexander, in building up, through trials and tribulations, a united nation of the Southern Slavs.

In this time of tremendous responsibility he was left quite alone; no family at hand to give encouragement and counsel. His mother and brothers were in this country when the German columns fell upon Yugoslavia and the Luftwaffe blasted his capital into dust and ashes.



General Dill Comes Home

General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff since last year, arrived home just before Easter with Mr. Anthony Eden, after their long visit to the Balkans. General Dill was photographed with Captain David Margesson, Secretary of State for War, outside 10 Downing Street, when the former was paying his first visit to Mr. Churchill after his return



King Peter's Younger Brothers

Prince Tomislav and Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, thirteen- and eleven-year-old brothers of King Peter, are with their mother Queen Marie for the holidays. They are at school in England. Their mother came to see them a year ago, became ill, and has remained here ever since.

Young Blood in Monarchy

IN Greece King George is displaying a courage and confidence no less remarkable than that of the people over whom he rules. Those who have talked with him since Germany entered the Balkan arena have been deeply impressed by his strength and resolution, which is a constant source of encouragement to his Prime Minister, who is said to be showing some signs of the strain which he has had to bear since the sudden death of General Metaxas called him to office. Monarchy is thus well served by these two young exponents of the system.

Across the Mediterranean, in Egypt, monarchy is again represented by youth. These are anxious days for King Farouk, whose country is again threatened by the armies of the Axis. Fortunately the King of Egypt has learned a profound respect for General Sir Archibald Wavell and his skilful employment of the none too large forces which so far have been at his disposal for dealing with the enemy. Admittedly it was a serious blow that the generals who had learned the arts of desert warfare so well in driving a vastly superior Italian force from Cyrenaica, should have fallen into enemy hands at a moment when their tactical experience would have been so valuable in checking the German armoured dash from Tripoli. But such are the fortunes of war.

The Coup d'Etat in Iraq

IN troubled Iraq another monarch who has not yet reached his majority is surrounded by great difficulties. King Feisal has had to wait powerless while his Regent was deposed and another set up ready to acquiesce in the Nazi inspired policy of Raschid Ali and his Cabinet composed largely of men known to be hostile to Britain. The assurances of this unconstitutional government that they continue to respect their obligations under the

Treaty of Alliance with Britain must be taken with a large grain of salt.

Hitler's armies have not yet advanced sufficiently far down the road to the Persian Gulf for him to desire an open challenge from Iraq to Britain. But the ground is being prepared, with the German eye firmly fixed on the Russian oil wells of Transcaucasia, the Iraqi wells of Mosul and the rich deposits of Iran nearer to the head of the Gulf. For the convenient supply of oil to our forces in the Near and Middle East the Iraqi and Iranian sources are of great importance.

The First Rush

IT was natural that there should have been some perturbation last week as the reports flowed in showing the speed of the German armoured columns in their rush across Libya towards Egypt. If Cairo and the Middle East Command remained calmer than London and New York the reason was perhaps because our Army of the Nile knew something of the strain imposed on men and vehicles by a journey carried out by forced marches across the burning desert sands. Obviously the place to meet that enemy would be at the point farthest from his base of departure. By that time the tracks on the tanks would be showing signs of severe wear and tear while the men themselves would be in the worst condition for meeting the counter-attack of relatively fresh Imperial forces. Some weeks ago I ventured to question in these notes whether men trained in hot-houses would stand the rigours of the desert so well as our own men acclimatised on the spot. Time will show; first reports from the Western Desert were encouraging on this score.

In this war of tremendous movement, when large bodies of men and machines, by land and air, can move many hundreds of miles in days or hours we have to accustom ourselves to new conceptions of campaigning. The ebb

and flow, measured between 1914-18 by the advance of trenches over a few hundred yards may now sway by an equivalent number of miles in days rather than weeks where operations are taking place in flat country. In mountainous areas we have to think in terms similar to those which obtain on the North-West Frontier of India. The campaign in East Africa has shown that the Imperial Forces, even operating with a numerical inferiority of eight to one are more than a match for the Italians. In the Balkans we are facing tremendous odds and our opponents are the infinitely tougher and better-disciplined Germans.

Anglo-U.S. Staff Talks

AMERICA is developing the excellent system of maintaining a steady flow of senior officers of the United States Services to exchange views with their opposite numbers in Britain. The latest arrivals, or soon to arrive, are the most senior yet sent to London. They are of such standing and authority that with them it will be possible for the British staffs to have discussions ranging over the whole field of associated Anglo-American strategy for beating the Axis Powers.

General Arnold, as Chief of the United States Army Air Corps, is virtually of the same standing as Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal. Rear-Admiral Ghormley, now paying us his second visit—this time accompanying Mr. Forrestal, the Under-Secretary for the Navy—ranks with the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound. Brigadier Raymond E. Lee, returning to resume his post as Military Attaché at the American Embassy, is one of the most experienced officers, both operational and intelligence, in the American Army. They come to reinforce a diplomatic and economic staff in Grosvenor Square as distinguished as any ever assembled in London.



Lord Halifax Goes Hunting

The British Ambassador in Washington had his first day's hunting in America a few weeks ago with the Chester Hunt. He was photographed with Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart, on whose husband's estate hounds met, and with her daughter Elsie. Lord Halifax was joint Master of the Middleton with Lord Grimthorpe for six years, and was succeeded by his son, Capt. the Hon. Charles Wood, M.P., in 1938, when Lord Halifax became Foreign Secretary



Captain Collins and His Daughter

Captain John Augustus Collins, C.B., R.A.N., of H.M.A.S. "Sydney," arrived back in his home town in February after a year's absence. Here he is with his four-year-old daughter Gillian on her "trike." The Sydney had a tremendous welcome when she got home, and there were great celebrations of her sinking of the Bartolomeo Colleoni and her other Mediterranean exploits. Capt. Collins was awarded the C.B. after the action fought last July, and has been made a Freeman of the City of Sydney

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Good War Film

IT was the Americans, I think, who invented that beautiful phrase "sales resistance." Thus a publisher, instead of a brutal "Can't get rid of a darned copy," has the suave "Sorry to tell you, madam, your novel is meeting with a considerable amount of sales resistance."

Think how usefully the scope of this phrase might be extended. Of Miss Null, whose screen-ogle is like the bottom of an empty pie-dish, it could be said that she has lashings of charm resistance; of Mr. A. King Void, the lackadaisical and lack-everything-elsical hero of *Tears Without French*, it could be argued that of all living actors he has the largest stock of brains resistance. Concede the critic the use of this lovely phrase, and the business of stage and screen criticism would once again become a pleasure instead of an irritation. One gets accustomed to averting one's eyes; the unbearable thing is being forced to avert one's pen.

TO borrow the impersonal "we"—whose majestic use by a colleague has long been the bane and heartburn of the present scribe's existence—we imagine the foregoing will have been taken by readers as a preliminary to a sock in the jaw of some young female who has had the ill luck to non-content us.

By the way, we have just thought of a title

for a novel by one of the bespectacled brood of Bloomsbury bores—*Prelude to Onslaught*. You know the kind of thing. How a young but not too young woman goes for a walk in the dusk and Theobald's Road. How she meets a young horse slaughterer. How, flower-like hand in corrugated fist, they tread the primrose path that leads to King's Cross. How he recites several of the more impassioned poems of T. S. Eliot. How slowly they, in the words of Stephen Phillips, "he looking downward, and she gazing up, into the evening green wander away."

We refrain from inditing here and now the rest of this maudlin masterpiece. Sufficient if we indicate to the lachrymose spinster now pounding upon our typewriter how we would have it done—the murder, the trial and the jury's rejection of the plea that the young man mistook his victim for a horse. We feel that the typist is not worth her salt who, from such hints as we have given her, cannot turn out a novel, presently to be used as screen fodder, at least as good as *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, that old thing now re-hashed at the Regal with Laraine Day.

REVERTING to the first person singular, I began this article with the intention of saying something about the sales resistance

encountered by all films having to do with the last war. One understood this when, in the 'twenties, it was fondly thought that war was, as Marie Lloyd used to chant, "a thing of the past, old dear." Why should the young dears of both sexes bother their Eton and council-school-cropped heads about something which was never going to happen again? Why, indeed?

But what is the argument against war films today? Just, I think, that being essentially serious, they lack, for our modern youth, entertainment value. My answer to that is that they entertain me. Recently I sat through something at the London Pavilion called *Road Show*. I was told that the inside of a lunatic asylum was not funnier than this film. Unfortunately I am one of those odd people who regard lunatics as tragic creatures, which is perhaps why I laughed once, and once only. This was when Adolphe Menjou, becoming better and better as he gets older and older, packed up his fishing rod in disgust. "Now that I've had a catch," he said, "I'll never be able to fish in this darned pond again." Which seemed to me to be all that there is to be said about fishing. For the rest of the time I sat mum, while all around me coursed down youthful and even elderly cheeks the tears of happy laughter. So much so that at the end of the show I found that the back of my collar was damp with the merriment of the couple immediately behind me.

WHEREAS, so far as I can make out, I am the only person in London who has any use for the new Cagney film, *The Fighting 69th*, at the Warner Theatre. I like this film because it is about something, that something being the purging of the human spirit by pity and terror, not recollected in tranquillity as in Aristotle's prescription, but shown in the horrific and urgent action of war. I admit that the treatment is melodramatic, and that the film's "message"—that even in Dead End scum nobility and faith are but dormant—recalls those tracts with which the Hockings tried to inspire my youth.

Nevertheless, the film moved me considerably, though I was not surprised when the manager of this beautifully run theatre confessed that it was meeting with a good deal of popularity resistance. I was not surprised, and for the reason that there is no love interest, which must down any film in the eyes of all women of whatever age or standing social and intellectual. If Cagney had dropped his cloak of cowardice and put on the full armour of courage because of some pink-haired nit-wit in the Bronx or sad-eyed momma in Missouri, I swear that this film would be popular.

There is one point I want to make. This concerns the padre's prayer for his boys on going into action. They tell me that this is "embarrassing." My reply is that I am much more embarrassed when, in Shakespeare's play, King Henry in his famous "God of Battles" speech wanders from the point of his soldier's safety now and in the hereafter—a point which incidentally he does not really make—to some private haggling about his and his father's culpability in the affair of the murdered Richard. The film's padre, well played by Pat O'Brien, does at least stick to his proper business, the welfare in life and death of his charges.

Nevertheless, and in spite of a superb performance by Cagney, I feel that the Eastertide vote will go to *Comrade X* (Empire), which is a goodish joke à la *Ninotchka*, and, of course, to *Second Chorus* (Plaza). Far more important to the feminine sense than battle, murder and sudden death is the question of who is going to heel-and-toe it with Fred Astaire. Actually, the choice is Paulette Goddard who, if she pleases you, must be set down a pleasing actress.



The Padre and the Coward in "The Fighting 69th"

James Cagney, one of the best toughs on the screen, is tough again in his new film, but he's yellow as well, and the whole story turns on his indiscipline and cowardice as a last-war soldier. Pat O'Brien (left) plays Father Duffy, the regimental chaplain; in the scene here he has come, during a heavy bombardment, to release Cagney, who is to be shot at dawn for cowardice. Another character is Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan, recently President Roosevelt's observer of the war in Europe, played in the film by George Brent. William Keighley directed "The Fighting 69th," which went to the Warner Theatre on April 11, and is discussed by Mr. Agate above



Mrs. Winant Arrives

Mrs. John G. Winant arrived in London on Easter Sunday. She travelled here by air, and was met at the landing port by her husband, who took her to the Grosvenor Square flat, next door to the American Embassy, where the Ambassador and his wife now have their home. A gentle, young-looking person, Mrs. Winant is the daughter of a banker, and was Miss Constance Russell. Of her three children, she has photographs of two, Constance and Rivington Russell, aged fifteen, in the picture above. Her elder son, who is also still at school, is John G. like his father. Her daughter, aged twenty, who finished her education in Peru, was married in February to Señor Carlos Valando, a young Peruvian scientist



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Wednesday After The War (New)

ONE gathers from the theme or title song of this outstandingly unexhilarating musical production that by the Wednesday After the War everything in the garden of Europe will be absolutely wonderful, and that we shall all immediately be allowed as much petrol as we can use and as many onions as we can digest, while young ladies will respond with delightful if rash alacrity to any mating-call that chances to reach their ears. It makes, of course, a lyric. It gives Rubina Gilchrist a chance to exhibit her talents. And even though, a year after the Wednesday After the War, we shall almost certainly all be grousing and muttering "So this is peace!" it explains the title of the show. An unusual title. An unusual show. Seldom have attempts at beauty seemed less beautiful, attempts at liveliness less lively, attempts at humour less humorous. If I laughed once, I laughed a hundred times, and I did not laugh a hundred times. What the critics have said in the Press may appear unkind. But the contrary is the case. You should have heard what they said to one another in the interval.

JUST as I found it difficult to swallow the lyric above mentioned, so I found it difficult to swallow quite a lot of things in *Wednesday After the War*. Part One, for example, ends with a grand spectacular scene in Libya, leading up to and culminating in the triumphant entry, with patriotic song, first faintly in the distance, then getting louder, of the British Army, designated THE ARMY OF THE NILE in large type on the programme, which ARMY OF THE NILE proceeds to subjugate the Italian Army (small type) previously in

possession. As, however, THE ARMY OF THE NILE, when it materialises, turns out to consist of (I think) seven men, the pluck of this invading force might seem to be more remarkable than its patriotic song is rousing—might seem to be but for the fact that the Italian Army turns out to consist of (I think) one captain and one lieutenant.

This is the sort of thing the old Follies did and the new Gate Revues do much more effectively, since they did and do it with the idea of evoking loud laughter rather than loud applause. As a matter of fact, one irreverent spectator was, at the New, so convulsed with laughter that he had to stagger out of the auditorium in the middle of the scene and finish his convulsions in the foyer.

PART TWO concludes with another big scene. This is entitled "Carry On, London," and in it we see Piccadilly Circus when the lights go up again, with Eros descending from his sand-bagged pedestal as Master of the Revels. Unfortunately, all the lights came prematurely up when the stage was supposed to be bathed in darkness, and when the stage was supposed to be bathed in light, out they all went. This was, of course, an accident which will, no doubt, be rectified. But it could hardly have been an accident that, in a representation of Piccadilly Circus as it used to be, a number of girls should have entered the stage and

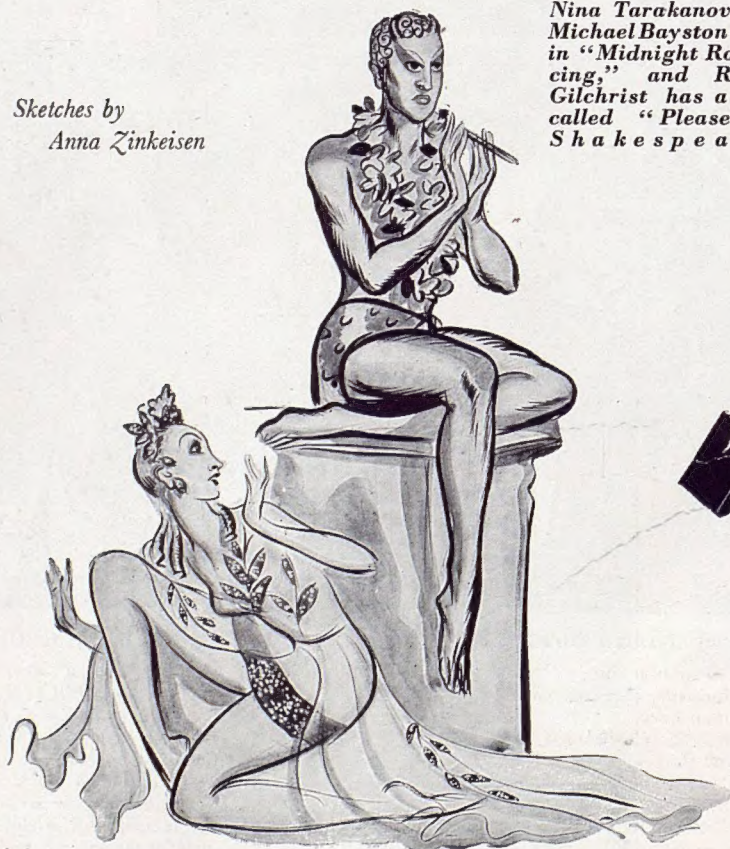


Paula Leonard, a sinuous supple dancer, Enid Stamp-Taylor and Jerry Verno, comedienne and comedian, in a sketch "Western Desert" wherein the Italians come in for a bit of ridicule

should have incredibly started dancing the can-can, after which, for no discoverable reason, Enid Stamp-Taylor and Jerry Verno solemnly proceeded to sing "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

It is, by the way, on the shoulders of Miss Stamp-Taylor and Mr. Verno that the burden of the comedy falls. Burden is indeed the word. We could not help being sorry for them every time they appeared and hoping that they, in return, were being no less sorry for us.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Nina Tarakanova and Michael Bayston dance in "Midnight Roman-cing," and Rubina Gilchrist has a song called "Please Mr. Shakespeare"



THE abrupt interpolation of a scene from *Rigoletto* would seem to be due to a desire to give Mr. Simberg an opportunity to sing, which he certainly can, rather than to a desire to construct a perfect whole. Josef Marion, "the Brain Wonder of the World," reads thoughts and discreetly unearths the past of such members of the audience as have the pluck to make that alarming journey from the stalls to the stage. There is a ballet by the Dowager Marchioness of Townsend in which a Satyr trifles with a crinoline or two.

There is a novelty dance called the Boogie-Woogie, performed "for the first time in England"—whether it comes from Poland, this being a production presented "on behalf of Anglo-Polish Art Corp. Ltd.," who can say? "Anglo-Polish" sounded promising enough. "Art Corp." had a less hopeful ring. The finished article was certainly more "Art Corp." than "Anglo-Polish" in effect.

Cabaret Conscripts

Paddy Brown Sings a Song of Six Smart Girls: She Wrote It Herself



The Socialite Wife

First little conscript sitting up in bed,
Rang up Mr. Bevin and this is what she said :
" Break it to me gently, Mr. Bevin,
Shall I really have to make a shell ?
Living at the Dorchly 's simply heaven,
Working in a factory would be hell.
I 'll have to see my husband, Mr. Bevin,
And tell him we must have a little talk.
Shells I must produce—if I can't find some excuse,
Well, if it 's got to be production, there 's the stork ! "

Paddy Brown has been on the stage and in films, went to France to sing to the B.E.F. and nearly got caught by the Germans, has appeared in cabaret at most of the leading West End restaurants, has written 143 sketches and lyrics for herself. On this page is one of them

Six smart girls, six pink forms—
They 're signing on to-day,
Six smart girls are wondering
When they 'll be on their way



The Ballerina

Said conscript number two
As she fastened up her shoe :
" What a ballet shame !
No more lunchtime pivoting,
Farewell, Robert Helpmann,
To-morrow I 'll be rivetting "



The Night Club Queen

Number three said raucously :
" Say, Mr. Bevin, will you give me a break ?
All around the night clubs my hips I 've had to shake,
No one ever showed me a better pair of knees,
Everyone 's familiar with my strip-tease,
I 'm dynamite, I 'm telling you, I 'd blow up in a groove,
Give me a job where I 'm always on the move.
But if it 's all the same to you, I know what I would choose—
The Nut House and the Bag o' Nails :
You keep the bolts and screws "

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



A Millinery Shop Assistant

Number four will leave a department store,
This is the moment she is waiting for :
" Modom is not satisfied with her hat ?
Modom 's called in to complain ?
Of course Modom hasn't worn it
But she 'd like to change it again.
Modom can't make up her mind ?
Modom is not sure which ?
Shall I tell Modom what I think ?
Modom 's a silly ——— ! "



A Lady of Jermyn Street

Now we arrive at number five :
" Non, non, Monsieur, c'est pas possible,
Pour moi munition work.
Oui, oui, I married an Englishman,
My duty I do not shirk,
Qu'est ce que c'est ? 'Ow much you pay ?
Parceque a girl must eat.
Occupation ? Reserve !
Address ? Jermyn Street ! "



A Working Girl

And last, but not least :
" Ta-ta, Bert, I 'll be seein' yer.
Now Liz, don't you go too fast,
Buy yer Rolls-Royce next week.
Got a decent job at last.
Got a date with a factory,
Got to be there by seven,
Got to speed up production,
So I 'm on my way to Bevin "

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Film Premiere

PREMIERES, attended by "everybody," are creeping back, and the enormous Odeon Cinema was pretty well full for the latest Shaw film-script.

Among such a sea of faces, it is hard to pick out many of the salient ones: I wonder if one would be allowed to attend such functions on stilts? Anyway, there was Mr. Cecil Beaton, clever enough to design the sets. And Mr. John Gielgud, who is presently going on tour with *Dear Brutus*—which, by the way, is about to revert almost to the old order by having daily five-o'clock performances, and three matinees a week. Robert Newton, who is so good in the film as Bill Walker, was dressed as a sailor; and Oriol Ross (Lady Poulett) was looking very nice. Princess Yourievitch was in black; Lady Bridget Poulett had an attractive dress of very small black-and-white checks, and a black scarf turban; Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson was without a hat.

The Film

THE critics have been a bit petulant about this, but I enjoyed it very much, and thought that the wads of Shaw home-truths uttered and implied by one and all got across splendidly. Robert Morley seemed a bit mad and fantastic as the armaments king, with fixed, fanatic eyes and a generally animated waxwork

appearance. Rex Harrison was perfect as the mischievously scholastic Cusins, a part not obviously up his street either. Wendy Hiller is, of course, her generation's gift to Shaw—she fits his deep, turbulent, earnest heroines splendidly. The very accentuated tough parts—Emlyn Williams as Snobby Price and Robert Newton as Bill Walker—are grand; and the praying boxer turned Salvationist, who permitted Bill Walker to spit in his eye and only retaliated with prayer (which involved insultee kneeling on insultee's chest), was a treat.

The end, where everything in the garden suddenly becomes lovely, and Major Barbara's conscience permits her enthusiasm, via the crafty Cusins, to accept the armaments money, which nearly drove her to suicide when accepted by her beloved Army, seems a little abrupt in the film.

Sybil Thorndike as the Army's unctuous old Madame is swell.

Dress Rehearsal

I HAVE not been to such a thing before, and the first impression was that it was taking place on a snow-capped peak where the air was bad. The rows of seats made bumps beneath white dust-sheets, and the stuffy cold was intense.

The play was *The First Mrs. Fraser*, with which Dame Marie Tempest has gone on tour, opening in Blackpool on Easter



Engaged Couple at a Wedding

The Hon. Jean Williamson, Lord and Lady Forres' daughter, and Flt.-Lieut. William Longmore, R.A.F., son of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, were at the Osborne-Carnegy-Arbuthnott wedding in Scotland (see page 144). They themselves announced their engagement in January and are being married next Monday

Monday. She was wonderful, of course, in spite of bleak conditions, her technique taking the strain without a creak. It seemed, no doubt because of conditions, rather a dim old play—finding the laughs without any fellow-audience was a bit of a hunt.

The curtain didn't go up or down, so there was no telling when an act had ended except by the sudden disintegration of the characters, who drifted away, to be replaced by new, mysterious individuals, producers and such, who popped on, talking among themselves, and giving telling little touches of rearrangement to books and flowers. And to shift the furniture about were stage hands, armed with dainty white cloths, so as not to touch anything with their possibly dirty hands.

Cabarets and Clothes

TO wear an evening dress in London is becoming almost as diehard a thing as wearing one in the bush, and one has nearly forgotten the days when it was impossible to go into a smart restaurant "unchanged." However, there are still a good proportion to be seen on evenings out, and cabaret stars, at least, do not let down their traditions by appearing in uniforms, or those fussy little knee-length compromises in prints and chiffons which seem to be a wartime measure—not economy, except, of course, in actual acreage of material.

Jack and Daphne Barker were at the May Fair last week—her dresses are always real party ones, and very enviable. Lovely corn-coloured satin this time, with two huge bows at strategic points, very effective. So are all their songs, which they make up themselves. Among the watchers in becoming long dresses were Mrs. R. P. Smyly, and Miss Mae Murray, the latter with Lord Poulett and Lady Bridget.

One thing the war has killed are those elaborate floor shows, with hordes of girls whirling and prancing. I wonder what has become of all the lovely girls in question? Presumably functioning in Shakespeare or the Forces.

About at Easter

ACTING actresses are tied to their jobs, so it is not surprising that Miss Margaret Rawlings should be happily lunching



A Gloucestershire Christening

A daughter was born in March to Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. George and Mrs. Ward. She was christened Georgina Ann by the Rev. J. S. Gibbs at Old Sodbury Church. In the christening group here are the Hon. Mrs. George Ward, formerly Miss Ann Capel, Miss Constance Stanley, niece of the Earl of Derby, godmother, the Countess of Westmorland, who is holding her grandchild, Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. Edgard Ward, godfather, and his twin brother, Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. George Ward. The Ward twins are brothers of the Earl of Dudley

W. Dennis Moss

in London near Easter—not that such holidays are meant to mean anything to anyone nowadays. All the same, there was a very noticeable hush about the town, and the shops shut up all right, whatever the factories did.

Mr. John Retalluck and Mr. Peter Davies, both wartime Guardees, were separately enjoying the same matinee on the Saturday. So was Mr. Ben Bathurst, who used to support St. Moritz and the Riviera with some enthusiasm. He was pretty good at winter sports, as people will remember.

Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward was braving the rigours of the spring in Piccadilly. She has a little slim part to suit her exquisite figure in *Major Barbara*.

In Devon

MRS. CASTLE WREY has opened a branch of her Nottingham dress-shop, "Madame Joan," in Bideford, and it is being run by her sister, Miss Dolly Dene. Mrs. Wrey is the mother of Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith, and aunt of Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was Rachel Wrey. The elder of the two little Abel-Smith boys, aged seven, is staying down there with his great-aunt, Miss Dene.

The Wreys own Tavistock Court, where Sir Basil Peto lived while he was M.P. for North Devon. The Denes are a very old Devonshire family; another sister of Mrs. Castle Wrey's was Mrs. Clement de Las Casas, who lived at Batts Park, near Taunton. The Las Casas brothers were once a famous polo team. The two daughters, Carmen and Monica, are now Mrs. Geoffrey Huskinson and Mrs. Joe Harper.

From Dumfriesshire

Two of the largest houses up here, Jardine Hall, belonging to the Cunninghams,

Jardines, and Kinmount, the Brooks' place, have been turned into hospitals. Most of the young girls of the county are working at Jardine Hall.

Mrs. Brook, who is a V.A.D. Commandant, is at Kinmount, running it as a hospital, while her husband is looking after the Observer Corps in that part of the world. He rushes round to all the Observer posts in a Bentley that he has had painted Air Force blue. He is a Captain, and used to be Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester. She is very well known in Leicestershire, was Molly Gretton, daughter of the owner of Stapleford Park at Melton Mowbray.

Lady Buchanan-Jardine is living at Castle Milk, while he is away soldiering with the Life Guards. Her sister, Princess Caraman de Chimay, has been living with her.

More Northern Activity

THE Jardine-Pattersons are at Balgray, another huge place. David, their eldest son, has just been married in Calcutta. Noel is a prisoner, and Arthur and John are soldiering.

Mrs. William Bell-Irving and her daughter Joyce are among the ardent canteen workers. Young and pretty Mrs. Scott-Nicholson has herself been helping her gardeners to dig up her garden—one of the loveliest in the county—so as to grow more vegetables. Mrs. Richard Black, who was Phillippa Burrell, from Northumberland, is living with her mother-in-law at Newpark House, and they both work hard at pigs, hens and the garden.

Twins

THE Campbell twins, Guy and David, are the identical sort. One of them, alas! is now a prisoner of war; the other is with his regiment, the 60th Rifles. They are the sons of Sir Guy Campbell, famous for



Engaged Couple at an Investiture

Fl.-Lieut. Watts-Farmer, R.A.F., went to a recent Buckingham Palace Investiture to receive his D.F.C. from the King, and with him went his fiancée, Miss Joe Frazer-Nash. She is the daughter of Captain Archie Frazer-Nash, designer of cars and of the Frazer-Nash aircraft gun-turret

his golf and golfing articles, amongst other things, and nephews of Archie Campbell.

Their mother, who has been visiting Devonshire lately, from her home in Sussex, was a Kemeys-Tynte, sister of the late Lord Wharton. She is a very charming person, beautifully dressed, and goes in for enormous red and black Chows.



Yerbury, Edinburgh

Captain Iain Grant and Lady Katherine Greaves

The marriage of Captain Iain Grant, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, Aviemore, Inverness-shire, to Lady Katherine Greaves took place quietly at Stobo Church. She is the second daughter of the late Major Owain Greaves, and the Countess of Dysart, of Stobo Castle, Peeblesshire. Pipe-Major Ross played the bride and bridegroom out of the church



Captain John Schuster and the Hon. Lorna Hermon-Hodge

Captain John Schuster, R.A., eldest son of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Schuster, of Nether Worton House, Middle Barton, Oxon, was married at Sarsden Church to the Hon. Lorna Hermon-Hodge, second daughter of Lord and Lady Wyfold, of Sarsden House, Churchill, Oxon. Her two-year-old nephew, Viscount Fincastle, was a page. His father was killed in action last year

Film "First Night"

People Who Saw the Premiere
of Shaw's "Major Barbara"



Rex Harrison, the professor of Greek who joins the Salvation Army because he loves Major Barbara, was at the Odeon to see the premiere of the new Shaw film, and talked to Mr. Oscar Deutsch, head of the Odeon circuit. Rex Harrison is now playing with Diana Wynyard in "No Time for Comedy," at the Haymarket

Robert Newton, who, as the Cockney bully, Bill Walker, is perhaps the film's biggest success, is now in the Royal Navy. He got special leave to go to the premiere, was photographed with Miss Rita Cave and three of his shipmates, C.P.O. Easterbrook, Ldg. Seaman A. Bogle and Ldg. Seaman S. R. Acutt

The much-heralded film version of Shaw's *Major Barbara* had its premiere just in time to take advantage of the new extension of the cinematic closing hour in London, and a real "first-night audience" turned up at seven o'clock at the Odeon. Gabriel Pascal directed this second Shaw film, which, however, has not made itself such a brilliant reputation as the first—*Pygmalion*, which Anthony Asquith directed. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army Major Barbara, Rex Harrison as her chief convert, Robert Morley as her munitions-making father have the chief parts



Mrs. Rupert Byass and Mr. George Monkland were in the "Major Barbara" audience



The Hon. Elizabeth Carrington and her brother, Lord Carrington, got to their seats in time to read their programmes. She is in the M.T.C. and drives for the American Ambulance, Great Britain, and he is in the Grenadier Guards. He succeeded as sixth baron in 1938



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Birkin were there to see his niece, Penelope Dudley Ward, play Sarah Undershaft, Major Barbara's younger sister



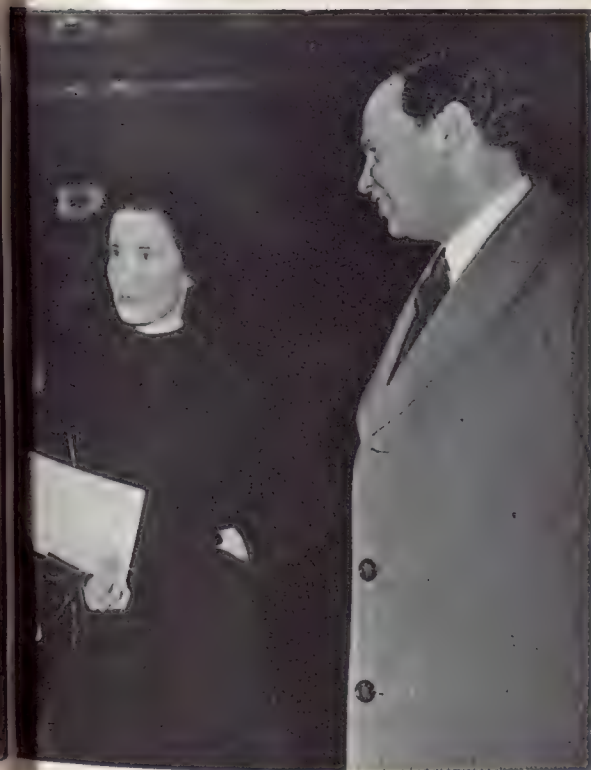
Prince Vsevolod of Russia and his wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, did their duty by Mr. Morrison and carried their gas-masks to the Odeon. She is the third of Earl Beauchamp's four sisters



Mrs. Robert Laycock went with her actress-sister, Penelope Dudley Ward, who is in the Pascal version of Shaw's play. They are the daughters of the Marquise de Casa Maury, formerly Mrs. Dudley Ward. Mrs. Laycock married Sir John Laycock's son in 1935; her husband is in the Blues. Penelope Dudley Ward is Mrs. Anthony Pelissier in private life; she was married in 1939, and her husband is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers



Princess Wiasemsky and her father, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, went together to the seven o'clock premiere, he wearing one of the very few dinner-jackets to be seen, and carrying an opera-hat



Mr. and Mrs. John Sutro were another married couple in the audience. She was Miss Gillian Hammond, and their wedding took place last October. He has done a great deal of work in British film-studios



A quartet who went to the Odeon for the "Major Barbara" premiere, and were later to be seen at the May Fair, were Lord Poulett, his sister, Lady Bridget Poulett, Sir Westrow Hulse, who is in the R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Mae Murray, the film actress. The new hour for the "last house" in cinemas fits in very well between most people's working day and a latish meal

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EXACTLY ninety-nine years ago next month the country was staggering under a fiendish blow. At every well-appointed British breakfast-table high-browed, severe, egg-faced, whiskery figures, pale with indignation and despair, clutched *The Times* with quivering fingers and moaned aloud; while Mamma behind the silver urn hushed the children and, outside in the hall, John and Thomas stood petrified, like statues, rolling glassy eyes in wild surmise. Peel had introduced a tax on income for three years at the rate of 2d. to 8d. in the £, the City was dumbfounded, and England was ruined.

There were no vivacious boys in Fleet Street in those days to paint jolly pictures of the Briton dancing along to the Inland Revenue; carolling like a bird and laughing his head off. It's only in the last quarter of a century, apparently, that we've grown to love our income-tax. The Victorians were sick with hatred and fear, the Stock Exchange reeled, and even the St. Pancras Guardians, those benefactors, paused in their brisk selling of pauper infants to the mines and wondered if the Millennium had really arrived as advertised; or so we conjecture from a few yellowed newspaper files we looked up the other day.

Plea

THE moral is so obvious that it would take a far less brilliant pen than ours, as the youthful Mr. Beerbohm once remarked, to point it. Meanwhile all we ask in the citizenry's behalf is that the gossip-boys (who exaggerate) lay off that old merrie-merrie. Even when you pay income-tax simultaneously in three countries, as we once did, the sensation amounts to nothing more than what the Schoolmen would call "morose delectation." (End message.)

Chum

ONE doom-laden sound amid the recent savage noises of total warfare in the Vardar Plains has—if the ghost of Basil II, Bulgaroktonos, the Bulgarslayer, Emperor of Byzantium, still revisits the scene of his greatest victory—failed this time to impinge upon the Imperial ear. We refer to the sinister hum of the anopheles mosquito, which has put so many stout warriors out of action with malaria in these regions, and decimated the Allied forces a quarter of a century ago.

The Macedonian marshes, where this ruthless female dumb chum bred in millions, have since been sprayed and drained and filled in to a large extent, they say. Her ravages on the Byzantine Emperor and his troops are not mentioned by any historian, and it is difficult to picture the ruthless, somewhat too dressy Bulgarslayer—one can never feel somehow that those stiff Imperial robes of cloth-of-gold, blazing from head to heel with jewels, were the sort of thing for a gentleman's normal daily wear—as a yellow-faced, dizzy, burning, frozen, shaking wreck with an ice-bag on his bursting head. (That additional loud singing in the ears due to a skinful of quinine was to come some 700 years later.) But one similarly never hears of Homer's heroes having toothache or mumps, does one?

Incidentally, it would be interesting to learn (a) if the female Macedonian peasant is now washing that age-long permanent mosquito-proof one-inch mud-pack off her dainty pan, and (b) if so, if her complexion is as dazzling as it ought to be, judging by what smart women pay for dirty faces in Bond Street.

Drive

A RECENT theft of 100,000 tubes of tooth-paste from a London warehouse seems one more indication of the growing tooth-



MAURICE MCDONALD
"The things one has to do for a mere
bun these days!"

consciousness of the populace, which once, as Arnold Bennett said after viewing the revellers at Blackpool, evidently preferred to patronise its oculists.

Old boulevardiers will tell you there was a period in Edwardian times when West End actresses worked like demons to get the Race interested in teeth. Millions of picture-postcards of the lovely Marie Studholme, for example, enabled the public to count every flashing molar, lavishly displayed in what was called The Odol Smile. Any musical-comedy star with double rows could have made her fortune ("Amazing Sensation Mystery Drama in West End Flat—Well-Known Star with Double Teeth Eats Sporting Peer.—Mother's Cry: 'I Always Knew Ruby Could Do It!'," etc.), and maybe did. However, no great popular interest in dentistry as a sport ensued, and Americans coming over and champing great glittering mouthfuls of ivory continued to marvel.

Then, quite recently, the papers began to be filled with advertisements showing gloomy dentists shaking their heads with relish and saying "White Lies" to beautiful distraught tartar-ridden girls who had hoped to dazzle gentlemen with their bicuspid and incisors, and the drive was on.

Offering

IF it's popular," said the eminent Spanish critic Menéndez Pelayo in 1876 or thereabouts, "it isn't good, and if it's good it isn't popular"—a somewhat cagey remark which floated into our memory when we switched on by mistake the other night and found some B.B.C. tenor getting a whole programme of standard drawing-room ballads off his larynx, amid terrific applause.

Of the two main kinds of British ballad, the patriotic, based on
(Concluded on page 128)



The Ravages of Time

Farewell Luncheon

Mr. Quo Tai-chi Entertains at His Embassy



After nearly nine years in London as Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Quo Tai-chi had many good-byes to say before leaving this country. He returns to China to become Minister of Foreign Affairs in General Chiang Kai-shek's Government at a moment when the people of Great Britain probably understand more vividly than at any time during his term of office in London what China has done and is doing for the cause of democracy and freedom by her resistance to Japanese aggression. Mr. Quo took leave of the King last week, and has said good-bye to his friends, personal and official, at a series of luncheons, culminating in a luncheon and huge reception last Tuesday, when Mr. Winant, was the chief guest. The Chinese Ambassador bid farewell to an even greater circle of friends and well-wishers, known and unknown, in his eloquent and beautifully-delivered broadcast after the nine o'clock news on Good Friday evening

During his last week or two in London Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the retiring Chinese Ambassador, was host or guest at a number of farewell parties. Just before Easter he entertained sixteen guests, headed by the Prime Minister, to luncheon at the Embassy



Wartime leaders of yesterday and to-day met and talked with serious faces at the Chinese Embassy luncheon. Mr. Lloyd George, now seventy-eight, was full of his old power and fire when he spoke in the House recently on this country's agricultural policy. Mr. Winston Churchill went off the next day to visit the bombed towns of Swansea, Cardiff and Bristol



Mrs. Stanley Bruce, wife of the Australian High Commissioner, and Dr. Chen Wei-cheng, the Counsellor, heard something to make them laugh. Mrs. Bruce has been in London with her husband for nine years



Mrs. Kuo Ping-wen, wife of the Chinese Vice-Minister of Finance, was photographed with Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Alexander, whose Parliamentary label is Co-operative, and who is secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress, spent his Easter attending and speaking at the Co-operative Conference at York



Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand's High Commissioner, was another of the sixteen guests, at the luncheon at which all these pictures were taken, and talked to Mr. J. H. Peck, the Prime Minister's Secretary

Standing By ...

(Continued)

popular Whig history, seemed to be intoxicating the citizenry slightly more than the sentimental, which charms us more—and you? That habit of the lover in the standard British ballad, after bawling and boasting about the perfection of the beloved, of announcing in no uncertain fashion in the third verse that she has been selected for him personally and exclusively by his Creator, has always seemed to us a theory exquisitely fascinating, both as art and theology; and such is our warped old imagination that a vision of a slightly horse-faced maiden in Merry Widow curls and a shirtwaist simpering over a vase of Gloire-de-Dijon roses invariably accompanies this—surely excessive?—boast.

You can keep all that virile roaring about Drake and Hawkins and shipmates and Glorious Devon and all the rest of it. Give us a tenor declaring at full blast that all he asks of Life is to lie at the feet of Miss Something-or-other and WAR-sheep her, and WAR-sheep her.

Reflection

BUT if the eminent Pelayo meant real folksong, and we're blowed if we'll look it up, he certainly erred odiously. All Christendom gives him the lie, and his own country to begin with, and first of all that magnificent old anonymous lament Slogger Byron translated, which starts:

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Vivarambla on he goes,
Ay de mi, Alhama!

We often sit for hours staring anxiously into the fire and wondering if you really care deeply about these things. A growing suspicion that you do not is like ere long to break our heart. You rats.

Maestro

THAT gay little exchange in the House the other day between Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir William Davison on the subject of the public hangman's fees (laughter) made us wonder what has happened of late to M. Deibler, executioner of the Republic, who was putting in for a rise in a rather injured way about ten years ago, though whether the skinflint Republic gave it him we don't remember.

Deibler's official top-hat and dignified, sure technique gave French executions a *ton* which reminded all present that his office was of high antiquity, as his historic title "Monsieur de Paris" implied. The only Monsieur de Paris who ever let the profession down, so far as we know, was his fifteenth-century predecessor who dented the great two-handed Sword of Justice on the neck of the Constable de St.-Pol. Whether the mob hooted M. de Paris as the mob hoots a star matador who makes a clumsy or unforgivable kill is not recorded. M. Deibler's job was less

difficult by far, and our own State expert in the High Works has few problems to solve, they say, barring one in elementary physics involving strains and stresses.

The Commons boys seemed to enjoy this little Grand Guignol interlude so much, a chap in close touch tells us, that when all those politicians, financiers, usurers and others responsible for our recent distresses come up for public execution, as after the last war, some M.P.s are likely to press for incidental music and a cold buffet.

Snag

EVERYBODY except ourselves being scared to death of Lord Reith, we don't mind remarking casually, for what it's worth, that although according to his programme post-war Britain will be so beautiful that it will make you quite ill, the Reith Rovers are still dodging a major problem with ignoble pusillanimity.

We refer, as a lewd scribbler in the Press, a Mr. Timothy Shy, has already tentatively referred, to the problem of the homely Island Pan. Palaces of marble and porphyry may rise on every hand; boulevards and colonnades and loggias and belvederes and terraces and pergolas and gazebos may make even our Midland industrial hells each an earthly paradise; you still have the well-known British dial mucking up (as Pater says) the whole ensemble.

We cherish few illusions about the Ancients, but it seems clear that when the Parthenon shone newly in its beauty, milk-white and dove-grey and violet against those skies, at least 75 per cent. of contemporary Athenian faces didn't clash with it. Even to-day, when the beauty-percentage is mournfully smaller and the Athenians wear lounge suits and bowler-hats of a devilish Stock Exchange kind, the eye is rarely too grievously shocked. A certain norm of classical grace has persisted. Compare, contrariwise, the average Oxford Street

crowd set against a background by Palladio or Piranese. Compare dons against the Bodleian. Compare anything, as the Red Queen would say, but don't cry.

Masks after the Old Masters are an obvious solution, but we'd like to suggest, once a week, Callot or Venetian Carnival masks as well, imparting gay diablerie. Would this suit our Island genius? Does it matter?

Row

FIERCE and significant emotions have been aroused by a citizen who remarked recently in the *Daily Mail* that "a dog has no right to share your rations." Up to the time of writing the majority wishing to take this iconoclast to pieces was about fifty to one, which shows what happens when you get the wrong side of those who spell God backwards (Chesterton).

Being fond of, but not worshipping, our dumb friends, and holding that to assert that they have any "rights" over us whatsoever is false philosophy and emotional poohbah, we still hope with Heaven's aid to get the doggie public interested some day in the kind and honourable pig; an animal which though affectionate to a degree scorns to flatter and fawn, a delightful gambolling companion, a symbol, and a reminder. So far our effort is in vain, the Race being curiously selective—as you may have noticed—in its passion for dumb chums and disdaining those which are too small (e.g., the black-beetle) or socially undesirable. Maybe if the pig began behaving like a parasite in Roman comedy he would stand more chance, but he is far too decent to pretend that he deems the human race to be a collection of exquisite gods. Oh, the disturbing frankness in those small, merry eyes!

This same frankness obviously adds to the difficulty of our noble task, we admit. Realism is a very dangerous thing, as Colonel Bingham lately discovered. Ohé! Ohé!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I hope I don't have a nightmare after all this talk of battles"

Claire Luce

As Nora in "The Doll's House"

Claire Luce has been playing in serious drama lately, up in Scotland. Acting with the Perth and Dundee Repertory Companies, she has appeared as Nora in Ibsen's *The Doll's House*, Anna Christie in Eugene O'Neill's play of that name, and Katharine in *The Taming Of The Shrew*, for which she insisted on wearing her own blonde hair. On April 21 she is playing Nora in Glasgow in aid of the Clydeside air raid relief fund. She has given much of her time and talent to work for war charities since 1939. One of the best things this American actress has done during her London career was the part of Curley's wife in the Steinbeck play *Of Mice and Men* just before the war

Photographs by Anthony



Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"There should be quite a nice lot of pay due to you, Busby. Let's see what they've got here. 'Losing boots in Blue Nile'. . . 'Giving away rifle to patriot.' Hum! I'm afraid you owe the Government £7 8s. 3d."

Scientist and Author

Dr. Julian Huxley, Secretary of
the Zoological Society of London

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"The Head of the Zoo" with a Portrait of His Grandfather—

"Head of the Zoo" to a large section of the public since his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Zoological Society of London, Dr. Julian Huxley, grandson of the great Thomas Henry Huxley (whose portrait by the Hon. John Collier hangs over the mantelpiece in the picture above), is a very eminent biologist and writer to a more scientifically-minded minority. King's Scholar at Eton, Brackenbury Scholar at Balliol, he had a distinguished career as professor, lecturer and writer in England and abroad from 1910, when he was twenty-three, until 1935, when he went to the Zoo. There his work has narrowed and intensified as international relations between



—And with Meng, a Baby Gorilla

scientists were broken and the Zoo itself was adapted to war conditions. Many valuable exhibits have gone from Regent's Park to Whippsnade, and others that might have become dangerous in an emergency had to be destroyed. Julian Huxley has always been an important contributor to the "average man's" knowledge of science—through books, lectures, wireless talks, and by films and film commentaries. His latest book of essays, *The Uniqueness of Man*, with a preface written in the Zoo shelter during air raids, has recently been published. Dr. Huxley has a Swiss wife, formerly Marie Juliette Baillot, of Neuchâtel, and two sons, and is a brother of Aldous Huxley

Not Forgetting the Nurses

Lord and Lady Melchett Entertain
War-weary Nurses at Colworth House

Lord and Lady Melchett's home, Colworth House, Sharnbrook, Beds., the first large country house to be converted into a rest home for nurses from London hospitals, was opened last month by Mrs. Rex Benson, representing the British War Relief Society of New York, which subscribed the £5000 required to cover the running expenses for a year. In the house are countless treasures, priceless hangings and tapestries, a famous collection of Old Masters. The simple dignity of the eighteenth-century rooms is enhanced by decorations of exquisite and ornate workmanship of the Italian Renaissance period. The nurses of the Voluntary Hospitals could not find more beautiful surroundings than these in which to take their well-earned rest, and their gratitude to host and hostess and American benefactors is very deep

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



A reception room at Colworth House, with lovely views of the park and the surrounding countryside, in which Lady Melchett is reading, has a wonderful mantelpiece, attributed to Michael Angelo, also many fine tapestries and carpets. These treasures were collected in Italy and Greece by Lord Melchett's grandfather, and brought to Colworth. The collection has been greatly enlarged by the present owners



The Renaissance gates were brought from Lord and Lady Melchett's Palazzo in Rome and installed at Colworth House. Lady Melchett stands beside them, talking to Sister Neville, who nursed her through typhoid some months ago, and has stayed with her ever since

Under the heraldic emblem over the portico are the words "Make Yourself Necessary." Lord and Lady Melchett live up to this motto, having lent their lovely home for nurses from the hospitals of London to come to for rest, in the peace and quiet of luxurious and beautiful surroundings. Lady Melchett herself supervises the arrangements for their comfort and well-being

Antique statuary from Italy and Greece is seen on the lawn, where Lady Melchett is seen throughout the last war, is now Hon. Sec. of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.





Family portraits are in a gallery devoted to the works of more recent and contemporary painters. Lady Melchett, with her two favourite gun-dogs, Sportsman and Bubbles, at her feet, stands beneath her portrait by the late Glyn Philpot. The centre picture is by Sargent of the Dowager Lady Melchett, with two of her daughters (one now the Marchioness of Reading, the other the late Lady Pearson). On the right is the late Sir John Lavery's portrait of the first Lord Melchett. There is also a fine collection of Old Masters

graces the gardens, and a fine piece of sculpture sitting with Sir Neville. Her husband, who served as an A. Battalion R.E., and Deputy Chair-productions of the greatest national importance

The eighteenth-century mansion was built by Samuel Reynolds, a celebrated architect of particular note in Bedfordshire. It has perfect symmetry of design, with classic lines and grave proportions, and is built of warm, grey stone. Here at the back of the house there are rare shrubs, and a stretch of ornamental water surrounding a grassy island



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Austrian Death-Throes

How utterly incalculable is the misery which men bring upon each other! From backbiting and slandering to deliberate ruination, culminating in war, the tragic persecution of the weaker by the stronger goes on apace; and, honestly, it would seem as if the unspeakably evil process would never cease—except in the imagination of the pacifists, the dreamers, and those who still believe that Arcadia is merely a question of burying a few hatchets and giving hot-and-cold water and main drainage, plus the Bible, to all.

Sometimes, as one sits quietly (comparatively) in contemplation, one wonders what on earth is the divine intention (if any) behind it all. Yes, I know that in face of terror and disaster, humanity, often in surprising instances, rises to heights of glory and heroism beside which the famous heroes of history and their romances sound like a moral yarn performed by pigmies, but, all the same, such glory and such heroism seem rather a wasted grandeur if in the end they must be repeated wellnigh in every generation. For in this case it would appear as if nothing had been learned by humanity—since glory and heroism should be unique occasions, not merely a magnificent repetition. In fact, the longer one looks at life, the longer one seeks to probe the mystery and meaning of human fate, the more the philosophy of the shrugging shoulder becomes manifest. One can only wonder and bow in reverence and become resigned.

If only, for example, the guilty were punished as we are told they are, or, if that looks unlikely, as they eternally will be! Then one might perceive some mighty lesson behind the disaster they bring upon their own little world, or, if they belong to some High Command, the

lives of millions. But the guilty seem to get off very lightly, and very soon the world of individuals, very busy reconstructing their own lives out of ruin and death, forgets. So it would often seem as if the evil that men do may perhaps live after them, but touches them very lightly as in their lifetime it passes. In fact, it quite often leaves behind it a trail of emulation which the Saints, in their turn, find it so difficult to achieve. So it would sometimes appear as if evil went hand-in-hand with greater knowledge (a most odd coincidence; and yet, perhaps, not so odd, after all), and that saintliness is more likely to flourish where people are happily content to know next-to-nothing-at-all.

For instance, the almost unbelievably tragic history which forms the background of Herr Franz Hoellering's tale of Austria in 1934, *The Defenders* (Routledge; 9s.), very well translated by Ludwig Lewisohn, would never have happened in its bloody awfulness if man's knowledge had kept pace with his professed ideals.

Not a Political Tract

THE story begins round about the ghastly suppression of the Socialists in Austria and ends with the even greater menace of the German occupation. It is written in the white-heat of emotion, and yet it is strangely without fanaticism; even well-balanced and full of human understanding, and thus of forgiveness. And, in case you fear that it be one of those stories which are merely political tracts disguised as fiction, let me add that the tract is never too obvious and the story is moving and exciting merely as a tale that is told.

The background is a vivid picture of the Austrian scene just after, across the border, Hitler had risen to power, and the menace of that power as it might affect Austria

grows more grim and terrifying as the months go by. While you read the story you feel instinctively that this is as near the true picture of what every sort and class of Viennese society felt during those terrible years as we are likely to come across, especially when the story is told in retrospect. How from financial ruin there crept in that even greater ruin; which is the ruin of liberty and free speech, the freedom of action, the freedom of individual life itself. It is a picture of brave men and women going down in defeat, yet, at the same time, keeping within themselves some of that individual pride without which all men and all women are merely slaves. You watch, fascinated, as the writer shows only too plainly how first the Fascist evil sprang from the unthinking "culture" of those in educational and spiritual authority; then the revolt of a great mass of the people against this new national philosophy; afterwards the cruel suppression of this revolt—a suppression which merely let in the greater evil of Nazi-ism, accompanied by the military hordes of Germany. Men and women went down, crying: "If we die fighting, our ideals will live." But they went down and many thousands of them died—their "song" unsung.

Fateful Days

ALL the same, mixed up with these fateful days, Herr Hoellering tells a moving and interesting story. The characters belong to every class of society and each one is vibrantly alive. There is the elegant and truly cultured Baron Wiesner, an official at the Foreign Ministry, who, knowing himself to be by nature alien to the angry forces which are waging war around him, decides to retire from this political world and seek happiness and peace doing his duty by his estate in the Tyrol and the men and women who live on and by that property. He is deeply in love with Maria, a girl much younger than himself, who returns his love, though her love is too much mixed up with respect and friendship ever to approach passion. Perhaps she was too young and inexperienced to know her own mind definitely or the pitfall which passion can so suddenly thrust in the pathway of the inexperienced.

(Concluded on page 137)



Portrait of a W.A.A.F.

T. C. Dugdale discusses with the original, Section Officer (Mrs.) Felicity Hanbury, O.B.E., Public Relations Officer, W.A.A.F. Directorate, the portrait he has painted. He is one of the artists selected by the Advisory Committee of the M.O.I. to paint portraits of R.A.F. personnel



British Art Exhibition in Spain

Cathleen Mann, the celebrated English artist, held an exhibition of her work in Madrid. She stands between Lady Maud Hoare and Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador to Spain, who were present at the opening. Cathleen Mann is the daughter of the late Harrington Mann, artist. She married the Marquess of Queensberry in 1926

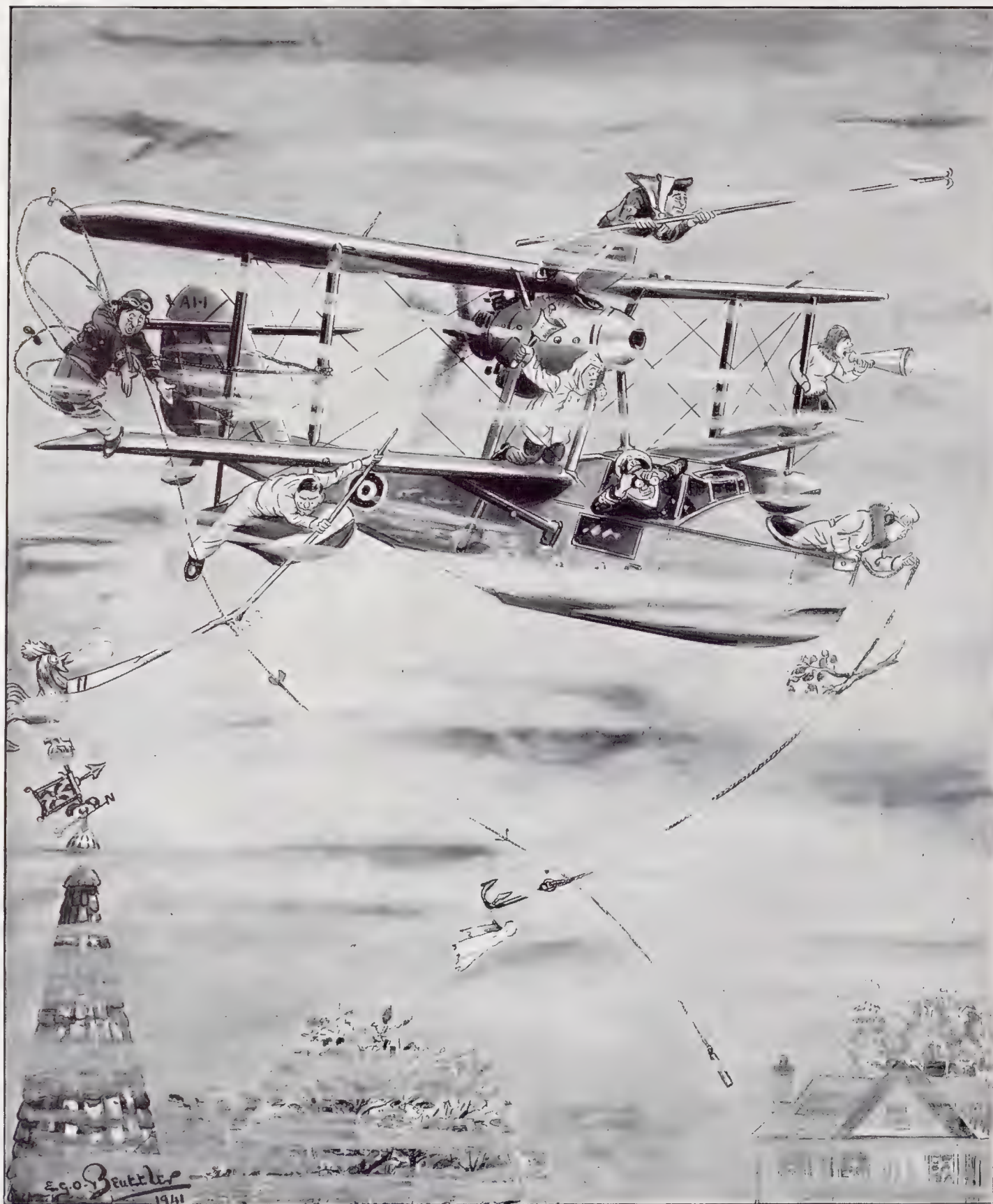
THEY WHO LOOK AHEAD

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
.....
It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll,
Henley's "Invicta."



Helliwells Ltd
Manufacturers & Repairers of
Aircraft & Aircraft Components

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 30



"Heaving the Lead": By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Navigating a flying boat is a tricky job at the best of times, but in a dense fog it is a nightmare. King's Regulations state in K.R. and A.C.1, appendix 26, para. 32, under Section III, General Rules for Air Traffic, that: "Every aircraft in a cloud, fog, mist or other conditions of bad visibility, shall proceed with caution, having careful regard to existing circumstances." The aircraft shown in our picture, a "Walrus" flying boat, used extensively for inter-fleet communication and as an Admiral's "Air" Barge, is endeavouring to carry out these instructions. It is perilously near the ground, the officer in the starboard wing is "heaving the lead" for depth, in this case presumably to find out the exact proximity of Mother Earth; the officer in the bow holds the cable of the grapnel anchor which has harpooned someone's washing from the line; the cock on the weather vane is knocked sideways by an oar, and the whole crew peers anxiously into the fog.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

So it is to the proletarian young engineer, Karl Merk, that she gives herself during a lonely night in the mountains. She is, however, too honest to deceive her fiancé, and although she cannot but pity him, and in this pity there is a kind of love, she breaks with him. After the death of Karl, she realises that she will be alone in the world, wellnigh a derelict.

Around this love-story other characters crowd. For instance, Karl's mother, who has slaved for him since childhood, and after years of hard struggle finds that she has given her years for yet another victim of political murder. There are people who frequent the cafés, bohemians, intellectuals, and members of every political group. They form a striking human background throughout the book.

One comes to the end of *The Defenders* feeling as if one had emerged from a nightmare world—though only in the nightmare sense that it is a grim reality, to be found not so many hundreds of miles away. Otherwise, its humanity purges it of absolute horror. Such a passage, for example, as the one which describes the feelings of Karl's mother as she visualises his marriage: "But one way or another it was clear that the day was not far off when she would be alone in her four walls. First youth, when you are terribly lonely and you search and search until you find the person you belong to. Then the period, so long yet so quickly past, of waiting till the children are grown. Sometimes they are so absorbing, taking everything you have and are, that you secretly long to be alone again. But that comes soon enough, the age when you are lonely, as in the beginning, whether you like it or not. Yet it had also its good side. Nobody needed you any more and you could do as you wished. Only you must still want something, that was the point, or it was like being buried alive. Wanting something, yes, but not running after the children and interfering in their lives."

Thoughts from "The Defenders"

"WHEN the son gets married, it's no good deceiving yourself, he leaves the house and his wife moves into first place."

"A humane person is never extreme, he has an understanding of the difficulties of life."

"Make order in yourself and keep it, and the great things come of themselves."

"Germany as a nation hasn't yet discovered the seriousness of gaiety. One must first become master and have space to waste before one can affirm life. The slave must glorify death in order to live at all. The difference between French and Germans is not psychological; it is a difference in age."

"Science without a sense of its own limitations is no science."

"If you say war, then mean war! Half measures are bad measures. They disappoint friends and encourage enemies. They are simply bad politics."

"People will think effectively only when they give to light-heartedness, which is probably the right attitude to life, its proper place in their calculations."

Boy Meets Girl

PERSONALLY, I wish that Tom, the hero of Mr. Frank Tilsley's new story, *The Lady in the Fur Coat* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), and Greta, the heroine, had both been more interesting, more fully drawn. Tom is a healthy young farmer, and Greta is a touring chorus-girl in a third-rate theatrical company. They met, first of all, in a train during the snowy winter of 1939. And they are marooned in a small country railway station for two days. Which makes their love-story little more than a perpetual duet. However, Tom cannot have been quite so rustic as he is supposed to be, because in the very beginning he called her "beautiful," which is rarely, I believe, the early verbal interchange of a rustic courtship. At first, however, Greta did not speak. She was pronounced suburbia and just a little bit of a "tart"; so, as she was often ashamed of the latter and always of the former, the only thing to do with strangers was to appear haughty, thus hoping to disguise both the one and the

other. However, you can't keep up pretence very well with someone who has fallen in love with you, when you are both prisoners for what looks like an indefinite time. So before very long each had bared his and her soul to the other. Whereupon Greta went considerably farther than merely baring her soul, and Tom, looking upon this as her final act of life-long devotion, was rudely deceived when, an engine at last appearing, Greta said good-bye and promptly forgot all about him.

Well, there are passages in the story of real psychological insight into the hearts and minds of two young people whose ideals and upbringing are so different, but in general the two lovers seem only half-created personalities. Nevertheless, the slight tale has a certain charm.

A Very Pleasant "Western"

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to picture James E. Baum's novel, *Adventures of Gilead Skaggs* (Methuen; 9s.), as anything resembling real life, it is a very pleasant story, especially for those who like "Westerns." Gillie is a very small child in the beginning, who is taken on a stranger's knee in the train because he is crying, and finds himself later on as part of that stranger's family. Which was such a complete change from being brought up in a city by a criminal father, that at first he is overwhelmed by his new surroundings. But soon he felt at home and fancied himself as a budding cow-puncher. Then, alas! he remembered his father, and what people had told him of inherited tendencies. Fearing that he too might become a murderer, he fled to the mountains with his Indian friend. One day he attended a revival meeting and found his father there transformed into a fanatical preacher. This seemed to contradict the laws of heredity, so he took his father back to the ranch, where the old man began converting everybody within vision. And, incidentally, this new holiness led to the means whereby a villain was killed off and all was well.

The humour of this story and its atmosphere of youthfulness should appeal to all those who have not forgotten how "to think young" and like it.



A Christening in County Down

Piers McMullan, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Victor McMullan, was christened recently at Bangor, Co. Down. In this christening group are (front) Mrs. Frank McMullan, the baby's aunt, Sir Thomas McMullan, former M.P. for Co. Down, his grandfather, Mrs. T. Victor McMullan and her son, the Rev. Dr. Curried; (back) Mr. Frederick R. Moore, godfather, Mrs. Hugh Ross, aunt, Lieut. Frank W. Jennings, Mrs. Victor McMullan's brother, Mr. T. Victor McMullan; Miss Dorrie Erskine, godmother, Mr. Frank McMullan



A Christening in Surrey

Antony Thomas Borthwick, who was christened at Lyne, near Chertsey, Surrey, is the son and heir of Lieut. and Mrs. John Borthwick. His father is in the London Rifle Brigade, and is the son of the Hon. James and Mrs. Borthwick, of Foxhills, Long Cross, Surrey, and nephew of Lord Whitburgh. Mrs. Borthwick was Irene Heller before her marriage in November 1939. Viscountess Lymington (left) was godmother

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

An Old Trick of the Ring

ONE of the first tricks which, probably your boxing instructor taught you as he did me, was to feint with your left and then bring your right across to the spot called the "point." The professor probably told you, as most certainly he told me, that you must make the left look like real business, and, in fact, land sufficiently convincingly with it to make it a point-scoring hit, this in case your right swing missed. The right, of course, was always intended to be the main attack, and if it came off, it would probably end the battle, because down would go McGinty, and he would remain down for the necessary ten seconds—or much more, if you had put sufficient power behind your punch. My instructor always impressed upon me that speed in bringing that right over was of the very essence, and that I should endeavour not to telegraph its coming. The reason for this was, of course, obvious: if you gave the enemy the office that it was on the road, he would, being a good boxer, step back, and leave you punching the air, and very probably off your balance. But the one thing my tutor always impressed upon me was that the feint with the left must get home sufficiently to give the other chap a shake-up—in fact, make his head sing.

A badly-timed right would not then be so completely ineffective. The feint with the right and the real punch with the left were

worked upon precisely the same lines. The left was usually directed at the solar plexus. Anyway, the main object of both attacks is a final decision. If this does not come off the whole thing has to be mounted again. In another arena of sport you may go in and get caught in the slips off the first ball or you may make a "Bradman."

Descended from a Pirate

THE gallant captain of H.M.S. Valiant, whose guns got a near-record in the recent action in the Mediterranean with a score of 75 per cent. hits, is said to claim descent from the Welsh pirate, Henry Morgan, who, with another and even more famous Welsh "Cap'n," Bartholomew Roberts, drove a pretty thriving trade in the early eighteenth century. Morgan, like most of these gentlemen, was a first-class sailorman, a hard fighter and brave to intrepidity. He was by no means the most renowned of the operators, and had nothing like the style of his professional rival, Bart Roberts, who was surely the most amazing pirate that ever sailed under the Jolly Roger. Roberts enforced something like man-o'-war discipline aboard his ships, and it is related of him that "he frequently succeeded in keeping his crew sober." So far as I can discover, most of the "Cap'ns" of those picturesque days preferred their crews more than half-sea-sick. This was certainly the case with the

most satisfying and bloody-minded of them all, "Blackbeard" Teach, a contemporary of both Roberts and Morgan, for we find an entry in his log: "Rum all out—our company somewhat sober—a damned confusion amongst us—rogues a-plotting—so I look'd sharp for a prize—took one with a great deal o' liquor aboard, so kept the company hot, damned hot, then all things went well again."

Israel Hands (vide *Treasure Island*) was his gunner, and one day, just for fun, "Blackbeard" shot him in the knee while giving him a friendly drink in his cabin. I have no record available of how Morgan was brought to book, but Lieutenant Robert Maynard, R.N., in the small sloop Ranger, brought "Blackbeard" to a standstill and killed him. He then cut off his very ugly head, stuck it on the bowsprit of the Ranger, and sailed into Bathtown, where all the prisoners bar two, one of them Israel Hands, were duly hanged. Hands was recovering from the wound "Blackbeard" had inflicted on him, and he got off under some extraordinary legal quibble, alleging that he had voluntarily surrendered, and was therefore entitled to a pardon. Of course, he was guilty to the very roots of his hair.

A Very Strange Story

IF the facts were not actual ones, this would sound like fiction. It is sent me by a certain Brigadier who is on the Army Officers Emergency Selection Board, an old friend who, incidentally, has still got a Ghazi's bullet in his jaw which he collected at a spot called Miranshah forty years ago almost to the very date, March 13th, of his letter. Here is the story:

"A fellow came up trying to get a commission (he had one in the last war). Aged forty-five or so, thin and spare, just one of those ordinary Englishmen probably with £400 a year private means. He volunteered with others for Finland, and went across there with forty others, who were no use on skis, which to me seemed very brave of them.

"They arrived there to find Finland had packed up, so about a dozen of the party made their way down Norway in the snow until they got to Oslo.

"Here, English-like, they find the best restaurant and get a square meal—the Englishman, whose chief pal was a New Zealander, and four others. The Englishman, at the end of their meal, suddenly exclaimed, 'Gosh, I don't like that!'; and the 'that' was two German sentries outside the door. They paid their bill and cleared out of the back door, and inquired their way to Christiania by road, saying, rightly, that trains would be useless. Misdirected—purposely, they think, in the night—they found themselves walking into Oslo again next morning. They slept in the open in a park, covered with snow, and, bluffing German patrols, got to Christiania.

"There the British Consul laughed at them when they inquired for a ship for home, but said that he would forward



With the Worcestershire Home Guard

Earl Beauchamp enjoys a joke with General Sir George Weir, D.S.O., after exercises with the Worcestershire Home Guard. Lord Beauchamp, then Lord Elmley, sat as Liberal M.P. for East Norfolk from 1929 until 1938, when he succeeded his father. He lives at Madresfield Court, Great Malvern



With the Worcestershire W.V.S.

Countess Beauchamp (on steps), Danish wife of Earl Beauchamp, whom she married in 1936, is the County Organiser of the Worcestershire W.V.S. She is working at the County Depot in Worcester, assisted by Mrs. P. Gibbons, stacking clothing sent from America to help air-raid victims

them back to Russia. They got to Moscow, flew to Odessa, landed at Varna, were kicked out and were sent to Smyrna. Thence they went by train through Asia Minor, eventually arriving at Jaffa, and volunteered their services to the British forces there. They were told that only Arabs and Jews could be enlisted, and were sent on to Cairo. Here G.H.Q. said, 'Just the men we can do with' (as R.T.O.'s, etc.); but officialdom stepped in and said 'No—you've no papers,' and they were put onto a ship down the Red Sea and East Coast of Africa, where they jumped ship at Durban, as they read an advertisement for ex-officers for



Tennis Player's Wedding

Mr. Horace Keats Lester, English International and Warwickshire County lawn tennis star, former Davis Cup player, son of Mrs. Lester, of Streety, Sutton Coldfield, was married at Caxton Hall register office to Miss Madeleine Herring, of Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Herring, of Tring

the South African Force. They got to Jo'burg and everything seemed set fair, when an Afrikaner official came up and arrested them for landing without permit. After one night in gaol, they were escorted by the police to Cape Town, put back on their original ship, and eventually arrived home after a journey of three months.

"My Englishman went to his flat in Earl's Court and found that it had disappeared with everything in it.

"I think a kindly W.O. found him a job as draft-conducting officer on the high seas—nice, quiet job! We've still some of the buccaneering spirit among us."

A Sum for the Studious

IT is a racing sum and, therefore, infinitely more difficult than the well-known "herring and a half" brain test. Never was there a truer saying than "he wins upon paper, he has not yet won upon turf." We have seen this emphasised at the Easter Monday meeting at Nottingham. Keystone, the best two-year-old of 1940, looked as good as gold upon paper; giving seven pounds, she was beaten 4½ lengths by Selim Hassan. For



Rugby Football at Richmond

Stuart

The combined Oxford and Cambridge XV, wearing the Richmond colours of red, yellow and black instead of their blues, beat the London District Army XV by 11 points to 9. Standing: C. F. Rolland (Cambridge), C. R. Jackson (Oxford), G. L. Bayliss (Oxford), P. R. Masters (Cambridge), J. A. Dew (Cambridge), W. N. Thomas (Oxford), A. S. May (Cambridge). Sitting: D. G. Bratherton (Cambridge), R. P. Sinclair (Cambridge), W. J. Butterfield (Oxford), E. R. Knapp (Cambridge; captain, 1941), R. W. Pennock (Oxford), R. E. Crichton (Cambridge), D. Garton-Springer (Oxford), G. T. Wright (Cambridge)

convenience sake, let us say that the rule-of-thumb handicapping rule makes the 13½ pounds a stone; therefore Selim Hassan would have won if he had had 9 st. 5 lb. instead of only 8 st. 5 lb. The distance at Nottingham was only a mile, against the 1½ mile of the new Derby, but Selim Hassan is beautifully bred to stay. He has shown that he is the big end of a stone better than the best filly, rated by the official handicapper very little inferior to the best colt, Poise (3 lb. sex allowance). Where, then, does Selim Hassan stand with regard to Poise if we can take it that he is nearly a stone better than Keystone? What does A do next?

The Fire-Watcher's Vade-Mecum

HERE is the list of things which the prudent fire-watcher should carry: (1) strong leather belt to go round waist, with six hooks to support six full sand-bags; (2) axe stuck in belt; (3) gas-mask; (4) stirrup-pump to be carried over left shoulder; (5) extending ladder over right shoulder; (6) whistle carried in mouth; (7) long-handled shovel and rake under arm; (8) wet blanket carried on head; (9) tin hat with turned-up brim for spare water; (10) spare sand to be carried in pockets; (11) box of matches to light any incendiary bomb which fails to light.



Officers of a Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment

Stuart

Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. M. F. B. Marment, J. Bailey, R. Austin, G. R. Flood, A. V. Grasset, W. J. Milne, D. V. Sevenoaks

Middle row: Sec.-Lieuts. A. A. J. Baker, W. H. Bursby, Lieut. K. R. H. Hathaway, Sec.-Lieuts. A. M. J. Drummond, H. J. Killick, R. H. Messer, G. V. Martin, H. L. Gilbert, D. Stokes, R. B. Pickett

Front row: Captains E. M. M. Partridge, S. J. Wheeler, D. A. F. H. Russell, Major R. H. Riddell, Lieut.-Colonel B. U. S. Cripps, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Captain R. M. Blew-Jones (Adjutant), Major J. A. Goodwin, Captains D. N. Maclean, D. L. T. Oppe

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Out of Season

SPRING has become "Cream-bun" Hitler's moll. By being seen about so often, and by allowing herself to be so closely associated with the noted beer-garden bullet-plugger, she has lost her reputation.

You remember how spring used to be symbolic of life and love. When the cinema screen, after an hour of crashing contrasts, went mazily mottled, when there was a confused twittering "off," when the buds quivered in the breeze and the buddies—photographed through four layers of gauze—quivered in ecstasy, when the one-and-eightpennies were queueing up for their sits-blitz, then we all knew that spring, and the idyllic end to the film, had come.

How different are the seasonal associations now. Not life and love, but death and hate are the distinguishing marks. Under Reichdirektor Hitler, spring is cast for a new role. It is associated with dive-bombers, with fresh aggressions, with Junkers "87's" over Athens or Belgrade, with Heinkel "111's" over London or Coventry, or Birmingham or Bristol. Spring, in brief, is now the signal for slaughter, the prod in the pants for the panzer boys, the unleashing for the Luftwaffe. Poor, deluded spring!

Ideas and Purposes

THE jelly-like case which is the human body and which is so readily punctured by a sharp instrument, contains about seven

pints of blood. Yet it is difficult to think of the German leaders as containing their full supply, so thirsty are they for other people's.

But when spring came to Yugoslavia and to Greece, they gave the order for their further advances. Yugoslavia had, of course, committed the mistake made by so many peaceable peoples of refusing to believe that the Germans really were out for her blood until it was too late to make full preparations for resistance.

Her action proved once more that neutrality is not knowing what you want until you haven't got it. There still remain other countries which will have to learn that lesson. Meanwhile, we have all learned what dictatorship is. The *Manchester Guardian* has defined it as a system of government where everything that is not forbidden is obligatory. But it is also a system of government which concentrates power and produces an apoplexy of power at the head and an anæmia of power at the extremities.

Exchange

IT had often been said that the Air Forces of Great Britain and of the United States of America were freely exchanging their secret information; but it remained for Major-General Henry Arnold, head of the United States Army Air Corps, to confirm this officially.

He did so in the first interview he gave after his arrival in London. In my opinion

that statement guarantees the technical superiority of Britain and her allies. Our own aeronautical engineers are good; those of the United States are also good. But it is my firm conviction that when working together they will be more than twice as good as when working separately.

The reason I say this is because they each bring to their task different, yet complementary characteristics. The British engineer is slow but sure. He is inclined to plod and to be too long in developing things and to be too resistant to new ideas (not his reactions to the tricycle undercarriage V.P. air-screws, laminar flow-wings and retractable wing-tip floats in flying-boats).

The American engineer, on the other hand, is amazingly quick on the uptake, but is inclined to branch out into novelties a shade too soon, so that machines with new features come into service before the features have been fully developed.

Put the two together, the slow and sure, and the slick and swift, and you have the perfect combination. If I am not mistaken, this collaboration between British and American engineers will bring the greatest advances in aircraft design ever seen.

Let Us Now Praise

IN these notes I try to maintain the balance between the bomber crews and the fighter crews. I try to counteract that tendency to give all the credit to the fighters and to leave the bombers out in the cold. And now I am once again going to call for a vote of thanks to the bomber crews.

Theirs is a hard and thankless task. It is natural and inevitable that the satisfaction felt when a well-aimed bomb goes home should be less keen and less simple than that felt by a fighter pilot who shoots down his adversary.

In fighter battles there is direct conflict; in bombing, the enemy is less clearly defined and appreciated, and behind the thoughts of the crew there must always be the knowledge that their task seems less glorious.

Yet in fact we all know that the bomber crews are as much part of our defence as the fighter crews and that they are much more part of our effort to win the war. I would like to see more direct praise given to these men. The Air Ministry news service could well let itself go a bit here. Usually, I like it to be restrained—more restrained than it is—but in the matter of giving credit where credit is due, it says too little about the bomber crews.

I was glad to see that the Admiralty, in response perhaps to the remark by Mr. J. L. Garvin, revealed a couple of Sundays ago the names of those who were reported missing in the brilliant victory of Matapan. They were the pilot, observer and air-gunner of an "Albacore" biplane which took off from the carrier H.M.S. Formidable, and attacked the Italian fleet with air-borne torpedoes. Their names are Lieut.-Commander J. Dalryell-Stead, Lieut. R. H. Cooke and Petty Officer Airman George Blenkhorn.

Their names deserve to go down in history. It was the determination with which the torpedo-bomber attacks were pressed home that led to the subsequent success of the Fleet, for they slowed down the Italian ships.



An R.A.F. Formation in the West Country

W. Dennis Moss

Back: Sq. Ldr. H. M. T. Eversfield, Flt.-Lieut. R. S. Barnes, Flt.-Lieut. S. L. Symondson, S.-O. H. M. Nutting (W.A.A.F.), Flt.-Lieut. A. Smith, Flt.-Lieut. G. W. Faiers, M.M., Flt.-Lieut. J. A. Mackie;
Centre: Flt.-Lieut. J. D. Bowen, Sq. Ldr. H. W. Guy, Sq. Ldr. R. G. Musson, Sq. Ldr. H. G. Grace, M.C., F.-O. R. A. Harrison, Sq. Ldr. the Hon. G. R. Ward, Sq. Ldr. A. J. Carver, Sq. Ldr. W. H. Wetton;
Front: Sq. Ldr. H. E. F. Saunders, Wing-Com. F. H. D. Henwood, D.F.C., Group Capt. P. H. Young, A./V./M. K. R. Park, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., Group Capt. C. Findlay, D.F.C., A.F.C., Wing Com. A. T. Whitelock, Wing Com. P. H. Hamley, A.F.C.

The King's Investitures

The Three Services Decorated
at Buckingham Palace



Three Air Chiefs Honoured

Air-Commodore George Lawson and Air-Commodore Edwin Goodwin, who both received the C.B.E. at a recent Investiture, and Air Vice-Marshal Francis Linnell, who becomes a C.B., leave the Palace together after the ceremony



C.B. for Air Vice-Marshal

Air Vice-Marshal Norman Bottomley leaves the Palace after receiving the Order of the Bath, accompanied by his wife and children. He is one of the four Air Vice-Marshals awarded the C.B. in recognition of distinguished services in operational commands of the R.A.F.



D.F.C. for Squadron-Leader

A South African from Johannesburg, Sq.-Ldr. F. A. Harte, was awarded the D.F.C. for gallantry and devotion to duty. With him are Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Harrison



D.S.O. for Naval Officer

Lieut.-Commander G. B. Hodgkinson was one of the naval officers to be decorated. His five-year-old daughter, Jill, and his wife are with him here



Pilot-Officer Awarded the D.F.C.

The D.F.C. was awarded to Pilot-Officer O. E. Wiltshire. He took part in the first raid on Berlin, and has made 26 trips over enemy territory as a rear gunner, an aggregate of 200 hours' operational flying



Brigadier Receives C.B.E.

Photographed with some relatives after the Investiture is Brigadier Cyril Causdale. He becomes a Commander of the Order of the British Empire



Major Wins Military Cross

Major Webb was one of the Army officers to be honoured recently by the King at Buckingham Palace. His award was the Military Cross

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Watson — Moore

Captain Bruce Edmeston Watson, R.A., and Joan Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Major and Mrs. William Moore, now at Granlley Hotel, Shalford, Surrey, were married at Shalford Parish Church. He is the son of Professor and Mrs. H. E. Watson, of Dolphin Court, Cranswater Gardens, Southsea, Hants.



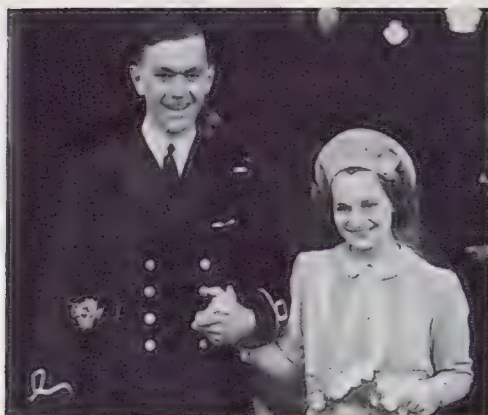
Trevor — Baynham

Lieut. K. R. S. Trevor, Cheshire and Nigeria Regiments, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. R. Trevor, of the Acres, Upton Heath, Chester, and Margaret Baynham, elder daughter of the Rev. J. H. Baynham, formerly Assistant Chaplain-General to the Forces, and Mrs. Baynham, of Dedham, Essex, were married at St. Mary's, Dedham.



Attlee — Brennan

Lieutenant Patrick Attlee, R.A., and Margaret Mary Brennan were married at St. Joseph's, Highgate. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Attlee, of Leory Croft, Perran-ar-Worthal, Truro, and a nephew of Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Lord Privy Seal.



Gurney — Plenderleith

Sub-Lieut. N. A. Gurney, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gurney, and Jean Sinclair Plenderleith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Plenderleith, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Both bride's and bridegroom's parents live at St. Albans, Herts.



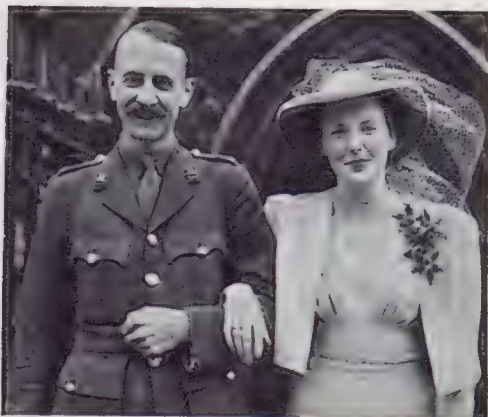
Mitchener — Waller

John H. Mitchener, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mitchener, of 1, Fernlea Gardens, Bassett, Southampton, and Frederica Waller, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Edmund Waller, of Orford Lodge, Kew, Surrey, were married at Landford Parish Church.



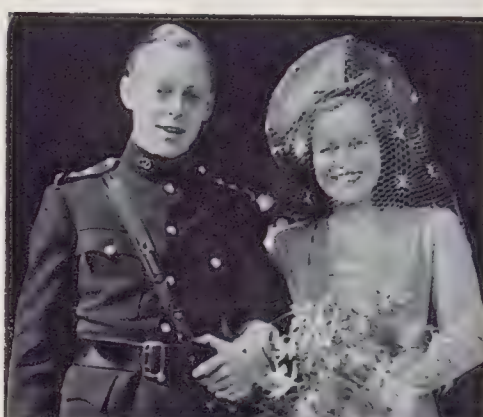
Perkins — Miller

Lieut. Francis Layton Perkins, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Perkins, of Greenaway House, Frognal, N.W.3, and Josephine Louise Brice Miller, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. B. Miller, of Lark Lees, Blandford, Dorset, were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent.



Northcott — Bridge

Major Richard Henry Northcott, the Welch Regiment, and Elizabeth Hope Bridge were married at Christ Church, Kensington. She is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Bridge, of Holly House, Rhiwderin, Monmouthshire.



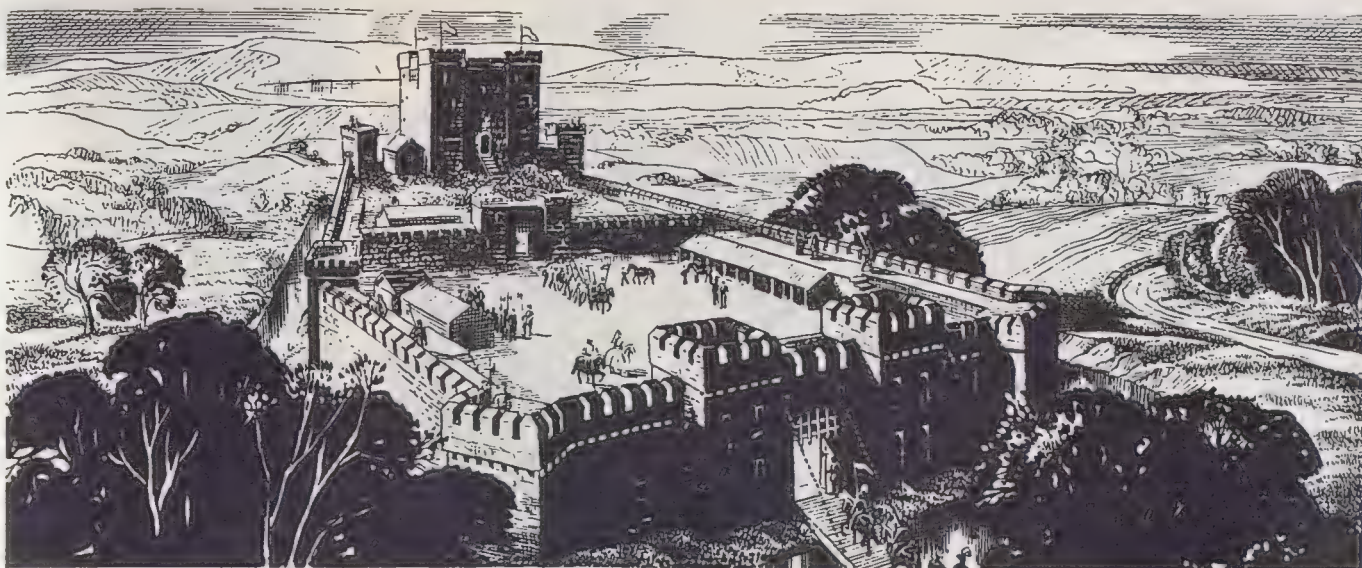
Jervis — Marriott

Captain John Swynsen Jervis, South Staffordshire Regiment, son of Colonel H. S. Jervis, of Munster, Tilford, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Jervis, and Diana Elizabeth Marriott, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Marriott, of White House, Yoxford, Suffolk, were married at Aldeburgh, Suffolk.



Greig — Sandford

Capt. Ronald David Greig, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Major R. H. Greig, and Mrs. Rokeling, of Amberley, Glos., and Unity Ruth Sandford, only child of Eng. Lieut.-Com. W. A. C. Sandford, R.N., and Mrs. Sandford, formerly of 8, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, were married at France Lynnch, Glos. (Concluded on page 144)



A Realm within a Kingdom

The Organization known as the Nuffield Group of Companies, controlled by Viscount Nuffield, which in times of peace produced a very large proportion of this country's motor traction, transformed itself, as the clouds of war grew darker, into an armed camp behind whose defences intensive war production, gathering in momentum, has now reached a phenomenal measure of output.

A big industrial undertaking of this character, peopled by thousands upon thousands of workers, its ramifications spreading wide throughout the Empire and beyond, is, in effect, a state in miniature. Its responsibilities go deeper than the immediate production of armaments. It has a clear view of the "broader lands and better days" which lie ahead, and it is already planning to gather the rich crop of war-time technical

knowledge and experience for the benefit of an emancipated Europe.

Its liberal-minded administration, which in peacetime pioneered Holidays - with - Pay, Profit-sharing Schemes and many welfare amenities, has under the spur of war cemented into a patriotic bloc a vast army of collaborators which, in the days to come, will form a stabilising force of immeasurable influence.

Every man and woman in this Organization has clearly in mind the passionate desire of all British people—to fight for, preserve and hand on that inheritance of skilled craftsmanship and freedom of thought and action which has made this country great and to maintain its mission of political and social leadership for the benefit of all nations.

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Riley

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Getting Married (Continued)



Osborne — Carnegie-Arbuthnott

Captain Gerald Michael Osborne, the Black Watch, of Kirkside, St. Cyrus, Montrose, only son of the late Major and Mrs. J. E. Osborne, and June Mary Carnegie-Arbuthnott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carnegie-Arbuthnott, of Balnagoon, Brechin, Angus, and Holly Copse, Goring Heath, Oxon, were married at St. Andrew's, Brechin



Wallace — Aldrich

Lieut.-Com. John Henry Wallace, R.N., son of Sir Lawrence and Lady Wallace, and Eileen Annette Aldrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Aldrich, of Lloyd Road, Hove, were married at Hove. His parents lived at Cabourg, in Normandy, are still in occupied France. Her father is a former Mayor of Brighton



Darby — Lewis

Lieut. Peter James Darby and Pamela Joan Roger Lewis, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Lewis, and Lady Lewis, of Henllan, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, were married at St. Andrew's, Narberth. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Percival James Darby, of Green Royde, Starbridge

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In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

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BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1



The Indispensable Ensemble



WOOL

Smart ensemble for spring, in fine novelty wool, with half-moon motifs on the becoming bodice and repeated on the jacket; the skirt features the new pleating. In black, beige, navy, banana, shades of blue, and other spring colours. Five sizes **10½ gns.** Size 48, **11½ gns.**

or

CRÊPE

A delightful ensemble, in matt-surface crêpe with an original waist-length bolero, featuring clever new pleating. Obtainable in pastel colours and black.

Five sizes **14½ gns**

Size 48, **15½ gns.**

(Model Gowns — First Floor)

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY · WIGMORE STREET · LONDON · W.1

Furs always give an air of distinction, while those that may be seen at Molho's, 5 Duke Street, Manchester Square, are also warm and light. He is making a feature of boleros and coatees, all at pleasant prices. The model portrayed is of Canadian fox, the coat being twenty-one guineas. Much to be desired are those of natural and summer ermine, the working of the skins being extremely artistic. Gilt-edge investments are the baby hair seal boleros, in fox and beaver colourings, for twelve guineas. Furthermore, nine guineas is the price of opossum coatees



Really a classic is the model below from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It consists of a dress arranged with a lace yoke and short sleeves, and although it is carried out in carioaca it is only eight and a half guineas. Though ultra smart, it remains undated. There are frocks from sixty-five shillings and suits from four guineas. The latter is likewise the cost of leisure gowns with swing skirts and practical hip pockets. The season's catalogue, sent on application, solves in a highly satisfactory manner the problem of shopping by post

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



Scarves are in the front row. Among the unusual ones to be seen at Finnigans, New Bond Street, are those bearing topical designs: "The Great Invasion," "No Eggs Today," "Thumbs Up." A strong point in their favour is that they are washable. To this firm must be given the credit of the soft fancy wool "Culotte" skirt and shirt portrayed above. The former has a pocket at the back; this is an advantage when cycling. Then when walking or standing the division becomes invisible. As will be seen, the shirt has short sleeves and tucks in at the back. Short coats, some with swing backs, in gay colours are well represented. There is an infinite variety of spotted, striped and checked lisle shirts with neat collars. Quilled hats have evidently come to stay





OBTAINABLE
AT ALL THE
LEADING STORES
ALL OVER THE
WORLD

That charming note of Spring is reflected in these original Pringle models. There is an air of elegance and distinction in the exclusive knitted fabric of the two-piece ensemble which makes it so suitable for all occasions. Or shall it be the casual perfection of the famous ribbed Cashmere Set, the pullover with its beautifully fitting short sleeves and the golfer jacket for the cooler evenings. You will be thrilled at possessing these Pringle creations.

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

FOR some reason or other the magistrate was not quite clear as to what the case was all about, so he tried to find out by questioning the prisoner.

"What were you doing when you were arrested?" he asked.

"Waiting, sir."

"What for?"

"Money, sir."

"Who was to give you the money?"

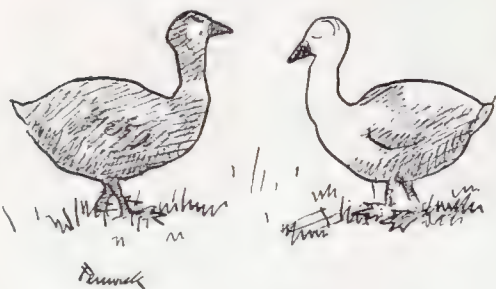
"The man I was waiting for, sir."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"Waiting, sir."

The magistrate felt his head beginning to swim, and he made a last effort to get things clear. "What do you do for a living?" he demanded.

"Waiting, sir," said the prisoner.



"I don't believe you'd say boo to a duck."

THE new maid had worked on the Continent, and consequently felt herself a cut above the other servants.

One day she was telling "below stairs" some of her experiences.

"How do the foreign dishes compare with English ones?" asked Cook.

"Oh," replied the maid, airily, "they break just the same."

IT was so cloudy that the barrage balloons were invisible from the ground. An inquisitive old man, looking on, was frankly puzzled.

"How do you know there's a balloon at the end of that rope?" he asked one of the men on duty.

The soldier cocked an eye upward and replied:

"Well, if there ain't, then, lumme, I've been and done the blooming Indian rope trick!"

A VERY portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. As he pushed his way down the crowded row of seats, he said to a woman:

"Pardon me, did I step on your foot?"

"I imagine so," she replied. "I see that all the elephants are still in the ring."

"WHAT do you think of this war?" asked the recruit.

"I think it's a wait-and-see war!" replied his companion.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Goering's got the weight, and Churchill's got the sea!"

THE following are taken from the biography of Nelson Keys by his son, Mr. John Paddy Carr—*Bunch* (Hurst and Blackett).

As most people know, that brilliant comedian, mimic, and dancer, Nelson ("Bunch") Keys, was very small. One day he was at the Cavour Bar when Stanley Lupino walked in and patted him on the shoulder.

"Hello!" said Bunch. "Have I done something of merit?"

"No," Stanley replied, "but the fact is, Bunch, because you're so short, I like patting you on the shoulder, it makes me feel tall!"

Bunch put his drink down and started for the door.

"Where are you off to?" Stanley asked.

"To find Wee Georgie Wood," said Bunch.

BUNCH had a dresser who left him when he was offered the one chance of a lifetime—to tour in a show as an actor. Years later, when Bunch was on tour, the prosperous ex-dresser called at his hotel, greeted him affectionately, and said he had just finished a wonderful week at the Grand.

"That's funny," said Bunch, "that's the theatre I'm playing in on Monday."

"That's great!" said the ex-dresser. "You'll go down wonderfully; I've just been doing all your stuff there this week, and they loved it!"

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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APRIL

Name {Mrs.
Miss

Address

"Should one make-up
in war service?"



"Yes" says Tatler's
Beauty expert, "but

there's no good reason to look made-up and quite a few against. Natural faces rather than surrealist ones are the order of the day. And it's so simple. Just a touch of powder rouge dusted lightly over the cheeks gives life and colour that's all your own; not a hint of a hard edge to give you away."

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The Londoner



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is
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poor boys
to become
good
sailors

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Mother-to-be goes shopping in this smart Coat-Frock and no one will ever guess her secret, it is so cleverly concealing.

Made in softest woollen fabric, it buttons through the front, and the adjustment is entirely hidden. In Light Navy with detachable White collar 6½ gns.

Other colours to order. In wool georgette 7½ gns.

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READY-TO-WEAR TWO
PIECE in spotted art marocain. Gown in navy and white, Coat in red and white, or reversed.
Made in our own work-rooms.
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PRICE 8½ GNS.
Sizes 44, 46, price 9½ gns.
Made-to-order „ 10½ gns.
Also in printed silk crêpe de Chine with plain marocain coat. Price ready-to-wear 10½ gns.

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LUNCH and DINNER

AT NIGHT NEVER CLOSED DURING BLITZ

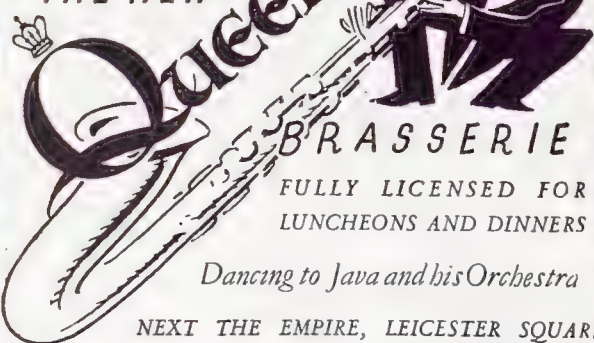
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BRASSERIE

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v. davico

la cuisine par excellence

Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London

Dinners de Luxe



All good peacocks
go to the May Fair

The May Fair

"BACK to Babylon" is the newest slogan at the May Fair. Talent scouts are scouring the stately homes of England for peacocks to bring roasted to the dinner tables, and thus emulate the smartest supper parties by the Tigris (or is it Euphrates?) three thousand years ago. Other historic peacock-eaters have included the redoubtable King Edward II, so there's no call for Haw Haw to blare of decadence. And Edward had not Casado to cook for him, so how much more are they a dish for a king done up the May Fair way.

Another May Fair innovation is Brega's school for waiters' wives. Not allowing themselves to be caught on the hop by the rapid absorption of their staff into the armed forces the management recently sent out a call for feminine "commis," and among the first to turn up were the better halves of two waiters already on the strength. Under Brega's and their husbands' watchful eyes the ladies are already turning in first rate May Fair style service.

Figure of the week (and we hope some longer) at the May Fair is Inga Andersen, at last returned to the West End from a tour of the wide-flung demesne of the R.A.F. It seems some time since Inga was last with us, but then any time must seem too long.

The Lansdowne



Fernandez has
found a new
Woolton - wizard
for the Lans-
downe

At the Lansdowne another most distinguished figure has been added to the team of top-liners who ensure that the best people get the best dinners. He is Gracien, who follows Fernandez's new fellow maitre, Louis, from Quag's. Gracien, who is now in command of the Lansdowne kitchens, and is putting their old-established reputation for excellence up to a new high, is also like Louis an old Citro's man and has, since he came over here in 1911, been on the inside of most of London's best kitchens. His arrival only sets the seal on the Lansdowne's all-round service from band (where Tim Clayton still thumps a pretty key) to bar.

In the bar Sidney has thought up a couple of new ones and named them Junior and José, after his children. José is a dry child, planned to provide an efficient substitute for dry Martinis in view of the growing shortage of French vermouth, while Junior is just plain powerful. Next time you're passing Lansdowne Passage drop in and see the kids, chaperoned by Sidney and by his Number Two, John Semandeni, whom winter-sporters will remember from St. Moritz.

But if it's more than drinking you're after, it's almost useless just dropping in. Too many people try that nowadays. So ring up Fernandez well in advance if you want to be sure of your table. It's more than worth that much trouble.

Hatchett's

THOSE who are in the habit of using the Piccadilly entrance to Hatchett's are inclined to lose sight of the fact that just around the corner in Dover Street is one of the most droppable or poppable into bars in London. Spacious and comfortable, it is in the charge of Tom, who used to be at the Compleat Angler at Marlow. Get him to shake you up a "Quarterdeck," a rum confection deserving of any number of naval salutes and the sort of thing we humbler folk can only take off our hats to when ordering another.

Downstairs at Hatchett's all is as it ever was, which is all you need to know. And if you don't know, your friends will.

After nineteen months without a break Gerold nipped away at Easter for ten days in the country and has now returned still the giant in skill he always was and mightily refreshed as well.

Three from France



At the Normandie one wishes one had as many shillings

The Normandie

THOSE diehards who maintain that it is impossible to have a first-class dinner and a first-class evening outside the magic quadrilateral of Mayfair should one evening take the short step down to Knightsbridge and be confounded by the Normandie. Those with more open minds probably know about it already, and if not it's high time they did.

The Normandie has a two-fold function, first as a very comfortable and exceptionally reasonable hotel and secondly as a restaurant where you eat a good deal better than the next place and dance every evening to Gregori's quartet who used to be with Brian Lawrence.

In charge is South American Mr. Majori, who started the place in collaboration with Sovrani five years ago and now carries on on his own. He has, by the way, in his admirable bar one of the most varied selections of exotic liquors and liqueurs to be found in London, even including that rare jewel Pernod "soixante-huit."

Maison Prunier

AN odd thing about Maison Prunier is that its refrigerator space is almost non-existent considering the size and lavishness of the establishment. Below the restaurant are miles of kitchens, fish rooms, vegetable rooms, still rooms and all the proper accoutrements but only very little devoted to keeping the stuff on ice.

For why? Because it is Mme. Prunier's view that anything which has to be kept so long as to need freezing is not up to Prunier standard after the event. So you can be sure that what you get at Prunier's is tout ce qui vient de venir de la mer.

And it is very good news for those who view with growing concern the imminent disappearance of an R from the month that oysters will continue to grace the menu at least until the end of May. The bivalve is not so easy to come by nowadays, and it's going to be touch and go whether Mme. Prunier can keep up her all the year round reputation, but for another month you're safe.

Le Bon Vivreur

THOSE of you who are sensible enough to be members of Le Bon Vivreur Club will need no more than to be reminded that Davico has opened up again to a regular succession of full houses. So much so in fact that when making a date with your diary to drop in as soon as possible, you'd better make another a couple of days earlier to remind you to ring up and warn Davico of your impending descent.

Glad as he is to see his old friends, it's a bit too much to see them all at once, and the Bon Vivreur is not exactly the Great Hall at Olympia. And for you sitting and sipping your cocktails *au Lapin Blanc* while you're waiting for your table is a very fine way of passing time pleasantly, but unless you take the proper preparations there may well be no table at the end of it all.

And what could be more depressing than to walk out of the Bon Vivreur unfed. So near and yet . . .

Elsewhere abroad

Martinez

THE film *Down Argentine Way* has caused great excitement down Swallow Street way. In the restaurant Martinez Edmundo Ros and his Cuban boys, apart from sharing the general enthusiasm for Carmen Miranda, have seized on the rumbas and suchlike which embellish the picture show and are now turning them out nightly with the true South American touch.

That is the new Martinez, music and dancing and all the gaiety that is traditionally supposed to shun our shores. But there is too, of course, an old Martinez, a tradition of good feeding and drinking that has been in favour this many a year.

Senor Martinez himself and his able maitre d'hotel, Negri, do the honours both upstairs in the exotic luncheon room, at street level in the sherry lounge where sherry is sherry and a long way the best in town, and in the anti-bomb vaults. And the food and drink provided and the manner of its provision are still all that many, many people have learnt to look for at Martinez.

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TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8.30-12.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-
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*Un mot étrange mais des
vins Supérieurs chez le
Bon Vivreur*

PRUNIER

AIR RAID LUNCH 8/6
BLACKOUT DINNER 10/6

Including Oysters or à la Carte

* * * *

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Bouillabaisse
1 portion 5/-
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Homard
à l'Américaine
2 portions 15/-
5 portions 37/6

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions 8/6

Pâté de Lièvre
4 portions 8/6

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HATCHETT'S
RESTAURANT PICCADILLY

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featuring PEGGY McCORMACK Guest Artist: STEPHANE GRAPPELLO

Dancing from 8.30 p.m. to Morning

PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER

TELEPHONE REGENT 0217

Round the Restaurants

(Continued from page 151)

The Montparnasse

ONE, and an important, angle of the Paris that you all knew has now dug itself in a couple of floors above Piccadilly Circus. There, in what was the Auberge de France, free Frenchman M. Charles André has created the Montparnasse a boîte à la mode de Londres. And since M. André ran the Boeuf sur le Toit in Paris for some years, this you can be sure is the real thing.

He himself has written the music for the orchestra which he has himself collected, and tea-time and dinner-time tangos and rumbas throb through the dimly lighted room. To top it all off from the entertainment point of view, Lucien Samet, also late of Paris and by no means unknown there sings and generally does his stuff afternoon and evening.

From the gastronomic side, it is sufficient to say that many of the staff, including the chef, come from the Café de Paris.



It's still team work at the Coquille

La Coquille

LA COQUILLE is shortly to have a baby brother. Not content with the extra work war has brought to every restaurateur, M. Pagès has lately been busy with two things besides keeping the Coquille right at the top of its form. For one thing he has created, at General de Gaulle's headquarters in Carlton Gardens, a canteen for the Free French Forces which since September last has

served them with around a thousand meals a week; for another he has done all the ground work to be now ready to open the old Kettner's in Romilly Street under the name of La Cigale.

Since M. Pagès has been in the game since he was eleven, doing every job from apprentice-waiter to manager, and taking in such places as the Ritz and Larue's in Paris, throwing off a new restaurant is second nature to him.

And he assures us that La Cigale will be of Coquille standard. Which is more than enough for the faddiest.

Calling All Bars



Charlie's eye view at the New Queen's

The New Queen's

NOW that the evenings are lengthening and you can still see your way about for an hour or two after they open in the evening, London's better bars are getting back towards peace-time popularity. Paramount among them are the many bars of the New Queen's in Leicester Square—not that they have ever felt the draught much, with most of the Air Force making a beeline through any sort of murk to the place nearest their hearts.

But now for other more ordinary mortals there is no longer that feeling of rush in the evenings and people are remembering that an hour or so spent in the Cresta bar over a glass of beer and/or another hour or so yarning over a cocktail or a John Collins with that walking encyclopædia Charles always was an hour well spent. It still is.

And that goes too for extra time eating a New Queen's meal and listening and singing and dancing to Java and his orchestra in the Brasserie. (You can take the boys: you can take the wife: you can take the sister or the girl. All of them will get the sort of time they want.)



All set for a tête-à-tête, or Shepherd's personal table lamps

The Shepherd's Tavern

PANELLED walls, heavy curtains, shaded table lamps, first-rate food and first-rate service: that's the form at The Shepherd's Tavern, Mayfair's own "local" and Mayfair's own place for the quiet but perfect meal.

The restaurant at Shepherd's is in fact as delightful a place to eat at as you could find in London. Fortunate in having so admirable a room, Oscar brings the experience of years at the Monseigneur and at the Berkeley into making the best possible use of it. That's why in Mayfair, and for that matter far beyond, it's nem. con. when the cry is "Shall we go to Shepherd's?"

PETER HUME

MARTINEZ RESTAURANT

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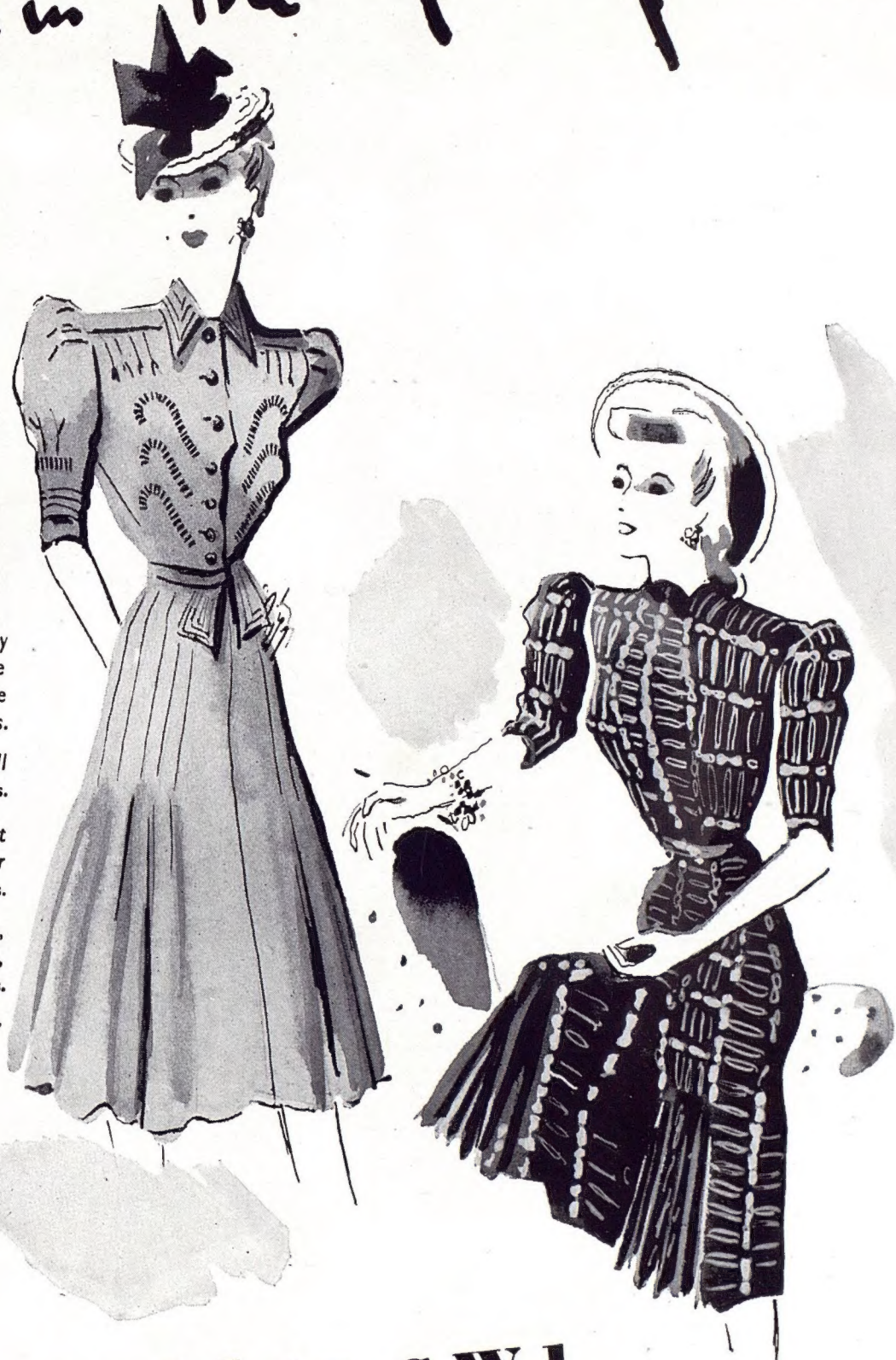


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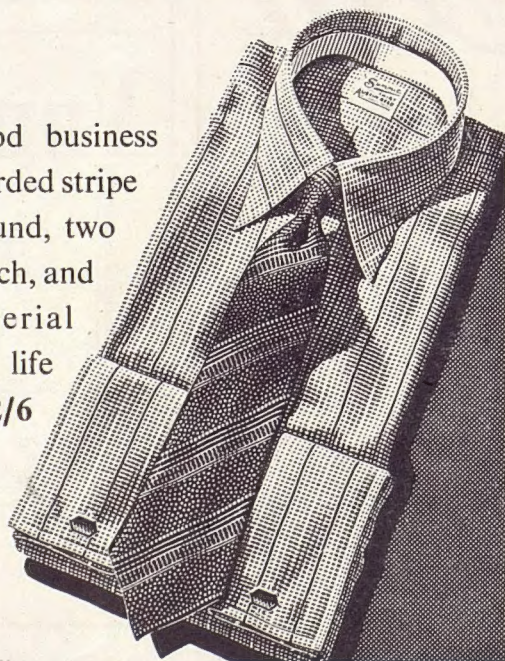
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